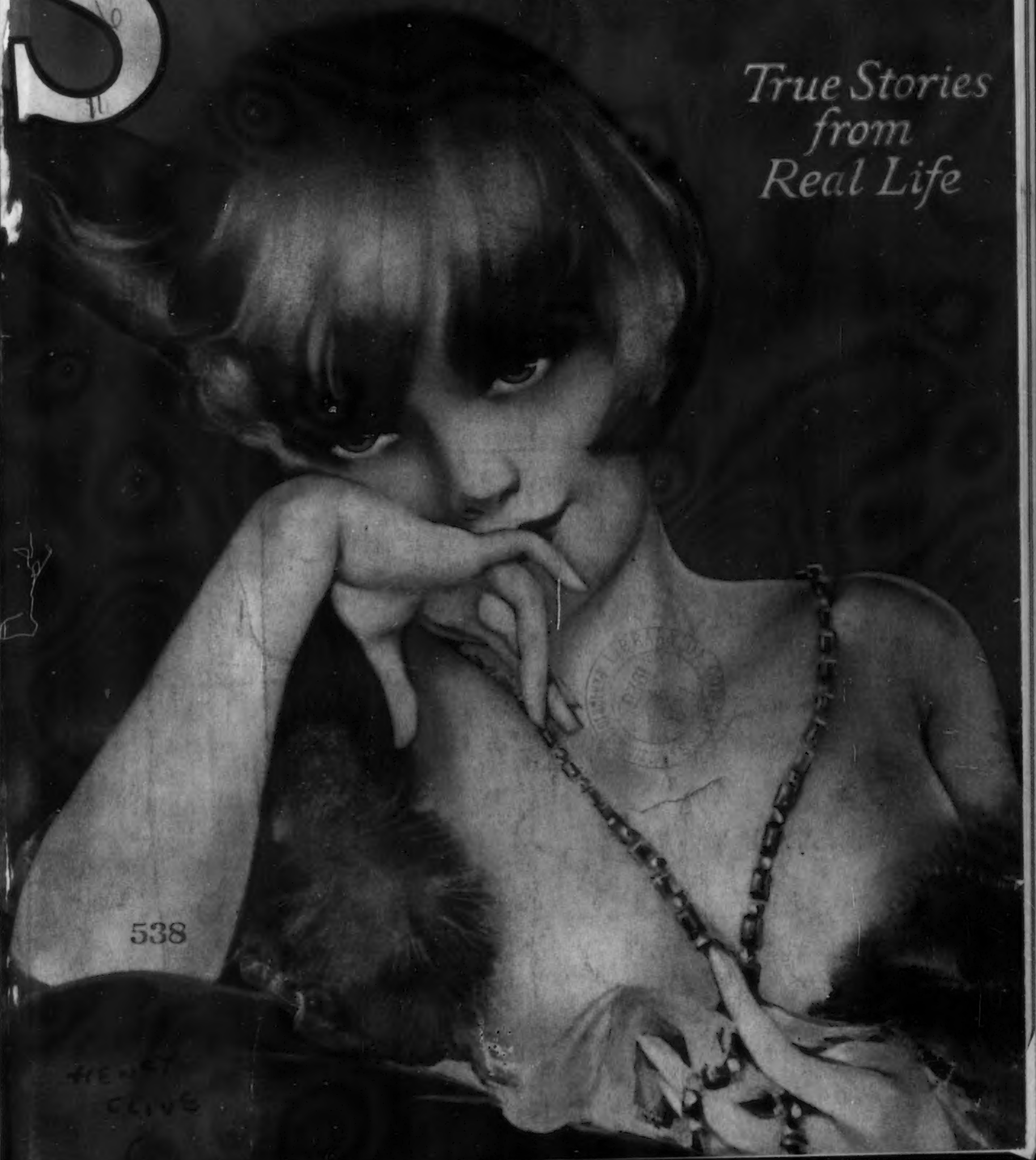


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SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



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Home of the Chicago Engineering Works, the Million Dollar Institution which backs up my guarantee.

Right, Above—The Electrical Laboratory.

Left, Below—The Administration Building.

GET INTO ELECTRICITY The world's biggest and most fascinating business needs you. Ordinary electricians earn \$8 to \$10 a day, but thousands of the biggest jobs—the ones that pay \$12 to \$30 a day—are going begging for want of *trained* men to fill them. Why stick to your small-pay, no-future job? In a few short months time with my training you can be an Electrical Expert earning \$70 to \$200 a week and not work half so hard as you do now.

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Thousands of new power stations—millions of automobiles—the wildfire spread of Radio and an undreamed of demand for electric light and power—all these things demand more and more trained men. The industry will be sadly crippled without these men—they must be had at any cost. That's why salaries are high and why they will stay high in Electricity.

I Can Train You Best

I am an engineer with college training and 20 years of practical experience. I have employed and directed the work of thousands of electrical men. I know what a man needs, to be a big success in Electricity. That's what I give you in my course—20 years of practical experience simplified, and made easy for you to understand. My Course is the recognized best and most successful training of its kind in America.

JOBS—How I Get Them For My Students

I am spending over \$25,000 a year to get jobs for my students. This money is actually spent on Employment Service alone. And I do get jobs for my students, even before they finish my course. They don't have to wait until they graduate. It is easy for me to do this because employers of electrical help know that "Cooke" Trained Men **KNOW** Electricity. They know that "Cooke" Trained Men are the best men they can get.

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if you are not satisfied." There are no strings to this guarantee—you alone are the judge. Among the things I guarantee besides Free Employment Service are—use of my big Laboratory—Accommodations when you visit Chicago—Lifetime subscription to monthly Engineering Magazine—Consultation and Vocational Service—a big outfit of Tools and Apparatus—all FREE. Most of these things are exclusive with my training—you can't get them anywhere else.

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To the woman who is not afraid to be frank —in her thinking

FRANKNESS of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely gives a woman poise and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

To know the facts about feminine hygiene—that is not indelicacy. It is enlightenment. To know the dangers that come from the use of poisonous compounds—that too is enlightenment.

Throw out the "skull and crossbones"

Women have long been victims of the failure of science to provide a non-poisonous antiseptic which had enough germicidal power to be of practical use. Compounds containing carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury held sway simply because there was nothing to take their place. And both of these are dangerous poisons.

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Zonite combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. It is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *fifty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

Zonite endorsed by hospitals and specialists

Many members of the medical profession, though endorsing the practice of feminine hygiene as a health measure, have long deplored the use of poisonous, caustic fluids for the purpose. No wonder, then, that Zonite has been hailed with satisfaction.



A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.
That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.
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For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.
For use as a deodorant.
Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal power is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, its action is beneficial and mildly stimulating. Dental authorities are recommending it highly as a mouthwash and for oral hygiene generally.

This free booklet offered by the Women's Division

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet expressly for the use and convenience of women. Thoroughly and frankly it discusses feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc., and its scientific, impersonal treatment of these matters enhances its value in the eyes of the intelligent reader. Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below.

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VOL. 76
NO. 1

SMART SET

MARCH
1925*True Stories from Real Life*

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Cover Portrait by Henry Clive

In the APRIL Issue"All the Law
There Was"

It was murder—cold-blooded murder, and there followed a chase across snowclad mountains glistering under a blazing sun!

Here is one of the strangest, most fascinating stories ever published. Two solitary figures, one fleeing, the other pursuing, moved across the great white expanse of snow.

He who followed was young and vigorous, yet—

SMART SET is publishing his story of what happened that day. It is refreshingly different, but it was the greatest moment of his life. Did he do right?

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GEORGE d'UTASSY, President; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. E. BERLIN, Treasurer; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.
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Don't Take My Word For It!

Let Others Tell You How Easy It Is To Make Big Money This New Way

If I tell you, positively, that you can quickly add \$50.00 or more a week to your income, you may say I'm prejudiced. But when hundreds of men—just like you—have done this, and when they tell you that you can do it, easily, *then you must believe!* Read the message and Free Offer below.

By J. E. GREENSLADE

LET'S understand one another first. You want more money. Everyone does. And I'm going to show you how to get it *quickly, surely and easily!* I say that with certainty because I've done exactly that for hundreds of other men.

How much do you want? Let's say you make \$35 a week now. Suppose you could add only \$50.00 to that amount. That would make \$85 a week. How would that suit you?

How It Is Done

Now you want to know how this is done. As I promised I'm going to let other men—*men who have done it*—tell you the secret. Just read the few short stories that follow and you'll understand how simple it is.



"My name is Ward, James Ward, of Chicago. Returning from the War I didn't want to go back to low pay. Wrote to Mr. Greenslade and have made \$12,000 in the last year—\$1,350 last month."

A. D. Miller, a Chicago boy, made \$100 a month as stenographer in July. Then he wrote to me and in September—3 months later—he was making \$100.00 a week.

George W. Kearns of Oklahoma writes: "I have never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$306.00 and this week \$218.00—\$524.00 in two weeks."

This is Clenny of Kansas. Clenny says: "I was making \$150.00 a month as a clerk. In one jump I went to \$500.00 a month and last month made \$850.00."



Warren Hartle of Chicago was a railway mail clerk for ten years. He says: "I decided to make a change and during the past 30 days made more than \$1,000."

Mett J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He writes: "I exchanged my \$75 a month job for one that pays me \$500 a month."

This is F. Wynn, of Portland, Oregon, talking: "Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37—This week will go over \$400.00."



An Iowa man, Charles Berry, says: "I was formerly a farmhand. The very first month I earned \$1,000."

Just As Easy for You

Now, then you want to know how they did it. These are only a few of the hundreds of letters we could print showing where men from every walk of life doubled and trebled their earnings by simply entering a new field. You can enter this field—the Selling field—where opportunities are ten to one in your favor. You know that Salesmen top the list of money makers—that the Salesman is his own boss—that his work is fascinating, interesting and highly profitable! But the thing you doubt is your own ability. All right, but you can become a first-class, money-making salesman in an amazingly easy way.

Proof That Salesmen Are Made—Not "Born"

Thousands of men—perhaps you, and those above included—once thought that salesmen were born, thought they were "not cut out for selling," yet they now enjoy magnificent earnings as salesmen. They were bookkeepers, lawyers, mechanics and farmhands—but in a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association they were out in the field selling—and making more money than they had ever hoped to make.

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There is a certain way of



J. E. GREENSLADE

saying and doing things, a certain way of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, a certain way to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, and outwit competition.

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The N.S.T.A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book "Modern Salesmanship" Sent Free

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money maker—how the N.S.T.A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help you secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning point in your life.



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Plain Answers to Questions Involving Love—Courtship—Marriage

HAVE you been so unfortunate as to reach maturity without knowing the vital, fundamental facts about life? Are you making mistakes that may wreck your future happiness? Would you like to lift the curtain of mystery and learn the truth about sex matters? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and evasive answers the world gives you in place of the truth? If you are, here is your opportunity to secure the most startling—yes, the most wonderful book of its kind ever published.



Happy now but how long will it last?

Life's Mysteries Revealed

How long must we be slaves to Prudery?

WILL you let "false modesty" and "prudishness" rob you of the right to understand the greatest force in life? Are you content to stumble along in ignorance? Do you want safe, sane advice on sex questions? The time has come when every man and woman should know the truth about Sex-Life.

The Truth Told at Last

At last, matters that have been heretofore regarded as mysteries are written of frankly and openly. An amazing 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," by Prof. B. G. Jefferis, M. D., Ph. D., and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M., brushes aside all shams and conventions and **EXPLAINS** sex matters without beating around the bush. It answers the questions that brides want to know on the eve of their wedding—that youths approaching manhood demand of their elders—that married people should know. The *real* facts are told! Frankly! But truthfully!

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Watch for the big March issue of Cosmopolitan 35c

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

WHY is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

We Guarantee —
Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons — like the late Caruso — are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M. — descendant of a long line of musicians — famous in the music circles of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Eugene Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the "Singing Muscle"— and a system of voice training that will develop this muscle by simple, silent exercises.

Opera Stars Among His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America hundreds of famous singers have studied with him. Orators, choir singers, club women, preachers, salesmen and teachers — over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of this wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

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Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligations but you will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

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Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set & 9-Piece Enameled Canister Set

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Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set (4 pieces); Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

No Money Down!

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. When goods arrive, make first payment of only \$2 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set—they are Free.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you

need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

Use all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Set as gifts from Hartman.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set

Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack. All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all enameled in colors with black lettering designating contents. Offer limited.



Send Post Card Today For Your FREE Copy

FREE Bargain Catalog

Hundreds of pages, many in actual colors, of the world's greatest bargains in furniture, rugs, carpets, draperies, sewing machines, silverware, watches, etc.—all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial.

FREE GIFTS

Book explains how you get Glassware, Silverware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc., Free with purchases.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

FREE Nearly a Year to Pay

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only \$2 and postage on arrival for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay on either the Kitchen Set or Canister Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

Order by No. 417GMA13. Price for Aluminum Set, \$18.95. No money down. \$2 and postage on arrival. Balance \$2 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are FREE.

Use Coupon Only When Ordering Aluminum Set. Mail It Today!

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7199 Chicago, Ill.

Send the
32-Piece Complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417GMA13, Price \$18.95,
and with it 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set. Will pay \$2 and postage on the Aluminum Set upon arrival. Kitchen Set and Canister Set are FREE. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will ship all three sets back and you will refund my \$2 and pay transportation charges both ways. If I keep them, I will pay you \$2 monthly until the price of the Aluminum Set, \$18.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name _____
R. F. D., Box No. _____
or Street and No. _____
Town _____ State _____
Occupation _____
White or Colored _____

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7199 Copyright, 1925, by Hartman's, Chicago CHICAGO
Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

What is An Idea?

SIX months ago SMART SET appeared in a new form. We were somewhat breathless when it went on the news-stands because we didn't know what your reaction as a reader would be.

We had new ideas in a great many things. We were the first magazine publishing first person stories of life to be launched with no pretense of *reforming the world*.

We were the first magazine in the first person field to publish stories of *love, adventure, and success* merely because they were *true and entertaining*.

Our only interest has been to give you a magazine you could enjoy, something you would be proud to recommend to your friends. We have tried to keep it free from tiresome articles and to make it sparkle with life.

WE have turned back the pages of time for the older folks and helped them to live another hour of youth. We have climbed the mountains of adventure with the younger folks and felt the thrill of love, and success—and of failure! For failure *is* thrilling when we are young.

SMART SET is old enough to be careful when its way is rough, and young enough to have "*the glory of faith*" in its eyes. We see life as it is—all of it. We don't stop with the sordidness, nor do we forget that life is sometimes sordid.

I do not believe the world is rotten, do you? I think it is a wonderful place to live in, and I think you, individually and collectively, are mighty fine folks to know.

I don't want you to like every story in the magazine. That wouldn't be fair to some of the people whose tastes are different. But if you read carefully I know you'll find two or three stories in every issue which are just what you like to read. And two or three others will just suit somebody else in the family, and two or three others will just suit the folks next door—and maybe two or three *others* will just suit me. So we work toward the achievement of our new idea.

NOW and then we run into some startling story which shows a different side of life from ours—something which is not as it should be—and when we do we are hitting it with all the power we command.

We're here to fight whenever it is necessary.

But chiefly we are reflecting life, young, vivid, sparkling, exuberant. Love, reflected in the eyes of youth. It is a wonderful world and we are proud of it—proud of the folks who keep their chins up and hide their sorrows.

I like to read about courage even in defeat, don't you? And isn't that life? And love? And adventure? And success? And failure?



New Rejuvenating Silk Mask Worn While You Sleep— Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion become smooth, fresh, radiant.

NO matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how sallow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transformation overnight.

Here is a scientifically correct silken mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear, smooth. A simple, silken mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet in one night it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Nothing quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy of the structure of the skin and the face.

The Skintone Mask Treatment for

- clearing the complexion
- giving color to the cheeks
- firming sagging muscles
- filling out scrawny hollows
- lifting double chin
- building graceful neck
- removing tired lines and wrinkles
- closing enlarged pores
- resting tired eyes
- correcting excessive dryness
- correcting excessive oiliness
- whitening the skin

—AND—
The dainty mask is washable and can always be kept fresh and effective.

Now you can quickly acquire a lovely, flawless complexion at little cost and with little trouble—acquire it—and keep it so.

What It Is and How It Works

The Susanna Cocroft Re-

juvenating Skintone Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves worn over cold-cream do for your hands overnight. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, except that the stimulating tonic cleans the face pores, and the special nourishing cream tones the skin and tissues. The silk of the mask is so sheer and porous that the tiny cells breathe through it.

Combined with this remarkable mask is the Susanna Cocroft treatment for beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours. You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silken mask, which has unusual medicated properties, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tonic with which the mask is treated stimulates the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the porous mask, and are nursed back to blooming health. Muscles are rejuvenated. The face is restored to youthful contour. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning



SUSANNA COCROFT Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have been many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 110,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—as effective as a \$100 course of beauty treatment—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

**Send for Interesting
Book and Special Offer**

Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, overnight. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. F-1493
136 W. 31st Street, New York City

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. F-1493
136 W. 31st Street, New York City.

I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Don't Go Shopping in a Grab-bag

EVERYBODY likes fairs. The Wheels of Chance: the noise: the things you eat—and shouldn't—: the Midway: and the Grab-bag, where you pay your quarter for the chance to pull a dime's worth of useless merchandise out of a sack. It's all for a good cause, so you don't care. Careless spending is the order of the day.

But careless spending in the ordinary purchases of every day life would bankrupt the wealthiest family. You don't want any Grab-bags in your neighborhood store.

They're there, though—occasionally—in a brand new form, and in spite of the disapproval of the great majority of scrupulously honest store proprietors. Smart Set wants to tell you how to avoid them. Remember how once-in-a-while you've wanted such-and-such an advertised brand of shaving cream—or tooth paste—or hair curlers? And how earnestly the bright little girl behind the counter recommended a substitute wholly unknown to you? Well, there's an excellent chance that the little girl who "uses it herself" works for, and is paid, not by the store, but by the unknown maker of the unknown substitute. She's holding a Grab-bag out to you.

The honest manufacturer who wants to stay in business long enough to sell to your children's children frowns on the "hidden demonstrator," as this bright little girl, and her sisters—and brothers are called. So do nine out of ten of the store proprietors, who are your friends and neighbors. The reputable manufacturer puts his name and trade-mark on his product; his product on the dealer's counter; and tells you about it in the advertising columns of such reputable magazines as Smart Set. When he puts a demonstrator into a store to explain the use of some new article, that demonstrator wears a uniform or badge, to establish identity.

Not for his sake; not for ours; but for your own, insist on getting the advertised brand you want—or go some place else where you can.

Watch out for the "hidden demonstrator" of unworthy and unknown products. If you're uncertain about any particular clerk in a store, ask the manager who pays his, or her salary.

Don't put your hand into any Grab-bags, unless you're at a fair, and want to.

How I Found a Short-Cut to Popularity

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"THAT night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. Then I saw your advertisement in a well known magazine. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 25c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

Dancing Now As Easy As Walking

If you can step forward, sideways and backward there is no reason in the world why you shouldn't learn any of the latest dances in one evening and all of the newest steps and dances in a very short time. The Murray method is in no way complicated. The diagrams are so easily understood that even a very small child can learn from them, and a whole family can quickly become perfect dancers from the one set of instructions.

Learn Without Music or Partner

No longer is it necessary to go to a private dancing instructor or public class.

ing class. Arthur Murray's remarkable methods are so clear that you don't need any partner to help you, neither do you actually require music. But after you have learned the steps alone in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. He was chosen to teach the U. S. Naval Academy's dancing instructors the newest ballroom steps. Many of the social leaders in America and Europe have selected Arthur Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 250,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers through his learn-at-home system.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today.

ARTHUR MURRAY

Studio 418 290 Broadway, New York



Posed by
Edna Murphy
"Palke Film Star"
and
Arthur Murray
America's foremost dancing
Authority

Arthur Murray, Studio 418
290 Broadway, New York City

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Safer in Jail!

Do You Know What the Police Learned in the TONG WAR?

DOES it seem possible to you that a girl, a sweet, rather unsophisticated American girl, less than twenty years of age, could feel safer in jail than out?

Does it seem possible that in free America she should fear to leave the confines of an institution?

Such a story came to us. We have made inquiries and found it true. It is a startling revelation of what lay behind the "Tong" war which took the lives of so many Chinese in recent months.

How can such things happen?

How did she get mixed up with the Tongs?

SHE didn't. She merely ran away in search of adventure and romance and found war!

It would seem that she herself is to blame. Perhaps she is, and yet

There is a deadly monster which is always extending its power, enmeshing victims slowly but surely until they have become white, trembling wrecks.

What this monster is, and how it succeeds, and the reason that this girl is in jail at her own request are told in a gripping story next month.

IT IS another of SMART SET'S earnest exposé stories. We are fighting hard to help conditions. If we cannot change them we can shed light on them and prevent others from being enmeshed.

Let's just pass SMART SET along to all the girls we know who are young enough and foolish enough to think of running away. Of course they may not listen — but

then again, maybe they will.

I hope so and you hope so.

We're not trying to preach or to reform the world. Our whole aim is to be entertaining, to fill an idle hour with clean, wholesome enjoyment.

BUT in this one story there is a message, and a lesson, and a warning. However, most of all, I found it a mighty fascinating story, and I want you to watch for it and then write and tell me what you think.

THE EDITOR.

Here is Another Phase
of Life to Think About



\$1

With Order

This Fine Velvet Rug on 30 Days' FREE Trial

Big Free Book

Don't buy Anything Anywhere until you see my Big Free Book. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, and Everything for the Home. My Prices are the Lowest. I give the Longest Time to Pay and a Money Back Bond with Everything. SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK TODAY.

THIS is the rug that is exactly right for the best room in a cheerful, well-kept, happy, refined home. It comes in full room size only, 9 x 12 ft. It is a Velvet Rug, made of closely woven high quality worsted yarns, with a heavy back. It is woven in one piece, without a single seam. Will give excellent service and years of wear. Colors are absolutely fast and will not fade. The rich shades of blue, tan, rose and taupe blend perfectly with the warm tan background. To fully appreciate the quality, beauty and rich coloring of this rug you must see it on your own floor. And this you can do entirely at my risk. Send the coupon and \$1 and the rug will soon be on its way to you. Use it for 30 Days as if it were your own. No matter how much you have used it, you can return it, if you are not thoroughly pleased. Your first payment and all transportation charges will be refunded, the trial will not cost you a penny. This is my fair, square, Money Back Bond that makes the Rug its own salesman; that makes it prove its worth in your own home. Order No. SA5085. Special Sale Price \$39.95. Terms: \$1.00 with order, \$3.00 Monthly. Hearth Rug to Match. Absolutely Free, if you act promptly.

HERE IS A RICH LOOKING PERSIAN DESIGN VELVET RUG OF UNUSUAL CHARM AND BEAUTY. A rug of cozy warmth; aristocratic in appearance, excellent in quality. A rug you will be both glad and proud to own. In its splendid design and color harmony this rug is a reproduction of a costly oriental rug. So, it will meet with the approval of the most exacting, the most discriminating buyer.

Hearth Rug FREE!

This 27 x 52 Inch Persian Design Velvet Hearth Rug is of the same quality, the same pattern and the same colorings as the 9 x 12 ft. room size rug described on this page. It matches the big rug exactly. It matches perfectly. This Hearth Rug is a Prize to the Prompt. It does not cost you a single penny.

When used in the same room, the two will harmonize perfectly. It does not cost you a single penny.



To get the Free Hearth Rug you must order promptly. Both rugs will be sent together.

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-802, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 9 x 12 ft. Velvet Rug and Free Hearth Rug to match as described above. Enclosed is \$1.00 first payment. It is understood that at the end of 30 days' trial I decide to keep it. I will send you \$1.00 monthly. Order No. SA5085. Price \$39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Easy Monthly Payments

Nathaniel Spear
President

→ SPEAR & CO. ← DEPT. S-802, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

Name.....Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.

Post Office.....State.....

If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send Shipment to
 FREE If you want Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here
 CATALOG and write your name and address plainly on the above lines ☐

Thousands Have Banished Gray Hair with this Clean, Colorless Liquid

The Original Shade Quickly Returns



Is gray hair to become a thing of the past? Is the time coming when anyone can easily avoid the appearance of age which grayness brings? Thousands and thousands of men and women who have used the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak would gladly answer "yes." These people have seen their hair change from gray to its original shade, surely and quickly. They have thus seen their youthful looks return. No wonder that many of them have written letter after letter in praise of Kolor-Bak. If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—simply use this remarkable liquid—we would see very few gray heads anywhere.



Take Years from Your Appearance This Easy Way

It seems almost unbelievable that a liquid, having no color in itself, can cause the former shade to return to gray hair. However, we have the most convincing proof of the amazing properties of Kolor-Bak in the reports which have been coming for several years from people who freely relate their experiences with it. These reports form a flood of evidence that in Kolor-Bak we have found the way not only to get rid of grayness, but to give the hair the uniformity of shade so essential to a natural appearance.

To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants to show even a trace of gray, and of course everyone wants to restore his or her "own shade." Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means, and you will realize the joy which this remarkable liquid brings to those to whom gray hair has come.

Scientists will tell you that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is the most satisfactory substitute for the natural pigmentation. It makes no difference what the original shade was—

brown, black, red, blond—this clean, colorless liquid will restore it.

You not only see the former shade return, but you find also that the hair has not a "dyed look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life," lustre and softness.

Used by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for hair of every color.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural shade to my hair."

"My hair began to return to its original shade in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the former shade

to my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original shade to the hair and give it the beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth. It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean. It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid

which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp. It is as easy to use as water.

Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere always have it in stock. You do not need to furnish a sample of your hair or to make tests to obtain a solution of the right strength. The one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If it does not bring the desired result, your money will be instantly refunded.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original shade. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

(A Typical Letter)

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee.

VOL. 76
NO. 1

SMART SET

MARCH
1925

True Stories from Real Life



An Old-fashioned Valentine

By HARRY LEE

*I'm sending you a valentine,
The odd, old-fashioned kind,
All lilies and forget-me-nots
And slender hands entwined;
All filigree and faded lace
And limpid lines that sing
Of love that is forever young
And faith unfaltering!*

*Oh, such an offering I make,
Because my thoughts of you
Are fairy things, flower things
Of rose and larkspur blue;
Are winged things that shimmer
Stars—that forever shine—
And so to you—my Mother—
I send a valentine!*

"Deep Calleth Unto Deep"



AS AN eloquent American divine recently pointed out, man is conveniently divided into three layers, or strata. There are his bodily interests, his intellectual, and his spiritual.

People are called to companionship in all three of these levels. Those inviting bodily interests are the most prominent. Witness the number of people who gather in the Yale Stadium to witness a football game, and the enormous crowds that go to see a contest in baseball. Witness the number of people who frequent athletic associations and sports. This is good, but it is not enough.

Man is more than an animal. He is a thinking animal. Therefore we have companionships on the intellectual plane, those whose minds run in the same level or who have similar objects of interest. They are interested in the same books and come together at new plays. They have their clubs, their societies and even their social "sets."

MANKIND'S intellectual fraternity is even more striking than its physical companionships, but it is still not enough.

There is something in man that lies deeper than these. It is the spiritual background. Those who are interested in the same spiritual things have the deepest companionship of all. In them deep calleth unto deep.

One of the most pathetic things in human nature is its loneliness. It is a fact that in our hours of deepest trial we have few friends. At such a time, physical companionships or intellectual affinities do not appeal to us. We need those who have a deeper kinship.

The deeps do not respond to the shallows.

PERHAPS the deepest friendship is found with those who are interested in the same spiritual things, in those whose life descends into the deeps.

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

Very often a man and woman can walk together and physically respond to each other, even intellectually, but in the end discover that they have no spiritual unity. There is something, after all, in the advice given by religionists for people to marry within their own faith. This is not wholly an effort to build up the denomination, but there is something in it of an appreciation of the fact that there can be no deep companionship without spiritual unity.

THERE are messages all around us.

Some are audible, and some are not. As the radio has taught us that the air is filled with waves of ether of which we can only become conscious when we have the right receiving instrument, so experience teaches us, after we have lived long enough, that we respond only to those who have depths similar to our own.

Life tends to become constantly more and more shallow. The instrumentalities of amusement and recreation are multiplied. The satisfactions of meditation and prayer, and the deeper exercises of our souls, are not so frequent.

BUT human nature remains the same. Those who are capable of deep feeling and of

profound experience will thrill at the deep feeling and experience of others. Those who are incapable of it are like those who have no radio receiving set. Waves calling SOS soul messages of sympathy all about are unheard by such a one. He goes through life as a yokel in a gallery of the Old Masters. He is unable to appreciate the beauty that is around him.





I staggered back, still clutching the blue shirt.

Nan *of the* Big Bend Country

*All the Romance of the Outside World
Echoed in the Whistle of the Steamer
Which Came to Wildcat Landing Once
Each Week—and Nan Listened—*

NAN, you're crying! Ain't you happy, girl? Ain't you got over wantin' to leave the Big Bend country?" begged Seth Spurlock.

I looked up at him through my tears, trying all my might not to torment him with the truth. But the echo of the steamboat whistle drifting up the twisting Saint Mary's was a voice calling to me, as always, from my forbidden dream-world. A voice that fired my blood with a feverish desire to go down the river where Life would not pass me by; where a girl's dreams of romance could come true to music instead of to shotgun thunder such as filled our piney woods when sheriffs and strangers came near. They were voices that I could not drown by sticking fingers in my ears, because they drummed right down into my heart and soul.

"I guess I sort of understand, Nan," he went on, taking my hands in his big ones, as if afraid I would slip away from him there on the bluff. "You're just like them two mocking-birds I caged early this Spring. I let 'em go this morning; I couldn't stand listening to their wings beating against the wire to be free. They wanted to get loose and fly—and sing. That's what you want to do gal," he ended, dropping my hands.

"Yes, Seth," I answered, hoping he would understand and help us both. "I'm sick of being kept up here in these lonely sweeps of the river. I want to go down to the

world my Daddy took me from long ago. I want to—"

"I know, Nan. You and your Pa ain't quite like us. We was all born here. We've never been out of the Big Bend. It's them books you read too, Nan. They make you remember; make you want things we ain't got up here—"

"It's the whistle of the *Hildegarde* every Friday, Seth," I interrupted. "Hear her blowing for Wildcat Landing again? Listen, Seth! It's like music; the only music we ever hear! The only sound of the outside world that ever drifts into the Big Bend!"

THE echoes of the steamer's whistle were again drifting through the deathly silences of the pines that come before the sun. The *Hildegarde* was blowing for her last stop on the weekly up-river run. Like the sheriffs and the strangers, she never dared come any farther. It was the deadline that stretched between the world of my dreams and our Big Bend country of Florida where Trigger Finger Simmons and his kind made their own laws with buckshot.

Silence fell between us as the echoes died away, choked by the deep stillness that always seemed hungry for sounds. I did not dare look up at Seth. It was enough to know that he was towering over me like a strong young pine tree that I had struck with an axe.

"My God, gal, I let them birds of mine out of their



Seth Spurlock and the bad man of the Big Bend were tearing at each other like two snarling animals.

cage, but, I—I can't let you go, Nan. It's breaking me all up here to know you ain't happy with me; to know you're fretting to get away down the river."

His words pulled at my heart strings like so many hands. My arms crept up to his wide shoulders, our eyes meeting and melting in glances.

"Are you figuring that I want to go away from you, Seth boy?" I asked.

"Ain't that what you're aiming to do, Nann?"

"Of course not, Seth. Haven't we grown up here together? Didn't we both learn to read and write from Pa's knee——"

"The only ones as can read and write in the Big Bend outside your Pa," he broke in.

"I'm not wanting to leave you, Seth," I began, but he took me in his arms and pressed words back into my throat.

"If you did, I couldn't stay here. The Big Bend wouldn't be the same, Nan. The woods'd haunt me with the sound and sight of you. The river'd keep me awake all night, whispering about you. The moon'd turn black in the skies. Nothing'd be the same, gal, if you went away and left me." His voice was unsteady.

"You're so strong, Seth. You're hurting me," I said.

"Nan," he whispered, letting me go a little, "When I take you so close, I clean forget. I'm getting more powerful every day, gal. Feel that arm," and he drew up his

muscles, and threw out his chest with no little pride.

"Why, Seth! You'll soon be stronger than Trigger Finger Simmons."

"I'm as strong as Trigger is any day," he returned, his voice suddenly hardening, "and if he ever fools with you, Nan, I'll show him. Maybe he really did get his name fighting a wildcat and really lost all but his trigger finger afore he choked her. But, he'll reckon with worse than a cat if he tries to harm you."


"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean Trigger Finger's got his eyes cut on you, Nan. He figgers that because he's the bad man of the Big Bend he's going to court you." The answer made my whole being tremble.

"You won't let him harm me, Seth?" I begged.

THERE ain't no need of worrying about that, Nan. Good Lord, gal! It's sunup already, and I ain't even realized it," he said, his voice softening. "I—I was watching your hair all the time and plumb forgot. Gee! Nan, your hair's more gold than the sun; your eyes are like the violets I fetched you from the woods yesterday! Tell me again, honey, that you ain't goin' to leave me up here in the Big Bend."

"I'm not going to leave you, Seth. I—I'm going to take you with me," I answered, as I braced myself for what was to come.



"Take me with you! Then, you're going? You're going to run away from the Big Bend, Nan?"

"Tonight, Seth," I answered, trembling from head to foot. "I just can't stand it any longer. Sometimes when I'm sitting back there in the cabin I feel like I'll scream out at the silence. It's like a fire burning here all the time," I said, raising his hand to my heart.

"I can't go with you, Nan." His voice didn't sound like Seth Spurlock's anymore.

"Can't?" I repeated, making believe I was laughing. But, now looking back, I know I was nearer crying.

"I've got to stay in the Big Bend, Nan. I ain't never been out of it. But, that wouldn't cut no figger if it wasn't for Ma. She'll never leave. Pa's sleeping down there in the cold ground near the swamp, pumped full of sheriff lead. Ma says as how she'll never leave him here. I—I got to stay, Nan." He finished with his voice sinking down like it was dying in agony.

But, the fiery yearning in my breast for sight, sound, and touch of the world beyond the Big Bend would not be denied. It was an urge as strong as the forces that made the pines grow towards the sky. I could not kill it in my heart, for it was beating and begging just as Seth's mocking-birds had beat their soft wings against the cage!

IF ONLY he had been able to go with me! But then, if Seth had gone, Life would never have taught me how to thrill and suffer as it did.

"It's hard to stay any longer. I wish you'd change your mind. We could go together. Don't you want to go, Seth? Don't you ever feel like knowing what's going on down there?" I asked pointing toward the East where the sun was fast climbing into the heavens.

"I'd never thought much about ever going away, Nan, until the first time you told me you wanted to go. Ever since then I figgered I'd go just because I couldn't lose you, gal. But, I told Ma about us leaving maybe someday, and she's dead against it. She's old now, Nan. Can't do anything much around the cabin. Ma's fading fast. Nowadays I hear her making believe she's talking to Pa. It's a sign, Nan—I just got to stay," he ended, dropping my hands and looking away from me.

"You're right, Seth, you can't leave your Ma. I guess we'll have to forget about going down the river to make my dreams come true. I guess we'll have to keep on staying up here in the woods," I told him.

"I ain't aiming to keep you on account of me. Somehow, I've always felt you'd never stay, Nan; always figgered I'd lose you. You're—you're just too pretty and fetching to stay up here in the wilds." He turned to pick up his shotgun.

"Seth, you'll come by the cabin before sundown, won't you? I—I'll want to see you." I knew it would be harder to run away if Seth was around.

"I'll come, Nan, of course," was all he said.

"Good-by, Seth. I'll be waiting for you at sundown," I murmured. He kissed me so hard it almost took my breath away. Then I felt him drawing me against him with all his strength again. He was hurting me but I let him, strangely glad at the pain.

"Bye, Nan."

He let me go at last, and strode off through the bristling palmettos toward the pine woods without a backward glance.

I watched until the trees swallowed him, wondering why the Big Bend hadn't made Seth Spurlock mean and ugly like Trigger Finger Simmons and the others. Seth was fair and clean-faced. Of course he was still like a boy. But, somehow, I felt that he would never turn out like the others. They were always snarling and brawling; always looking for trouble. Seth was quiet, and his heart was so tender he couldn't even keep birds caged up!

Bob only held me closer, his breath falling warm and quick on my up-turned face.

Now he was whooping down in the tangle of pines, his strong voice carrying back to me. It was the way of the backwoods, and so I whooped back, startled at the sound of

my cries awakening the sleeping river.

As I started back for the cabin the steamboat's whistle blew again down at Wildcat Landing. I stopped in my tracks, my heart thrilling against my side. The *Hildegard* was calling the folks of the upriver country to come and get their supplies. But, I knew that she was calling me in the name of Life. She was telling me that I was on fire to go away and make my dreams come true. But that was the fire all girls feel when they are young and eager for good times—the fire that burned me as you shall see!

"God help me," I sobbed aloud. "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going away from the Big Bend somehow. Dad'll have to take me. We don't belong up here like the rest do. He's got to take me!"

Trembling from head to foot with the excitement that was like fever in my blood, I half-ran through the underbrush to the clearing where our cabin stood.

I found my father indoors reading an old, time-yellowed book as usual. He never went to run sap in the woods like the other Big Bend men did. Dad always stayed around the house reading books. I guess the way I ran into the room startled him, because he dropped the book to the floor, and jumped in his seat:

"Good Lord, Nan, what's got into you?"

"I want you to take me away from here, Dad. It's too lonesome. I can't bear the silences. I want what's down the river . . . the things you've made me read about. I want to hear music. I want to see folks. I'm sick of looking at the river and trees day and night——"

"Stop, Nan. I've told you time and time again that we can't go away from the Big Bend yet awhile," he cut in.

"Why can't we go? You've promised a hundred times to tell why we're caged up here in these woods. Tell me why we can't go?"

"I'll tell you someday. Not now," was the only thing he would say.

I LEFT him and ran into the woods as if a wildcat or something was after me. For the first time I thought I hated my father, and in the anger that swept over me I blamed him for all of the loneliness and the heartaches that the Big Bend had inflicted. To this day I've never forgiven myself for this because I have good reason to know that my hate brought the shadows to me.

"He'll not keep me here. He's taught me that there are wonderful things in life down the river, where girls don't go around in cheap calico and cotton from one day to another. I want to enjoy life like those girls. I want fine soft clothes like I've seen in Dad's books. I want to stay young and pretty. I don't want to get brown and hard and ugly like Big Bend women." Stamping

My hands flew
to my breast to
shield myself
with Dad's
blue shirt.



my foot. I shook my fists at the trees towering above me.

For a long time I thrashed my way through the tangled woods, going deeper and deeper into the forest. Fired, and torn later from palmetto scratches, I threw myself down on the damp ground and sobbed until pains shot through my sides. Life had suddenly turned into a hopeless sort of thing. I half-wished a rattlesnake would sting me full of poison so I could die, little dreaming then that a day would come when the wish to die would be actually strong enough to send me out to seek death.

"I'd run away alone tonight if I had some money. I'd—"

THE sharp report of a gun froze the rest of the words in my mouth. I jumped to my feet. The sound had been sharper and clearer than the boom of a shotgun, the only kind of weapon Big Bend men owned.

The gun was going again. There was a whistling sound nearby as if something was cutting its way through the underbrush. A bullet!

Crouching behind a tree I put my hands to my lips and whooped as I had done back there on the river bluff. The woods rang with my echoes for a few seconds. Then all was as still as death until a man's voice called:

"Hello! Where are you?"

My heart leaped at the stranger's voice. Never before in all my eighteen years had my ears caught such a sound, —a sound that brought the blood rushing to my cheeks and made me tremble all over. Just the memory of that voice today! I hear him calling again and again when I look at the woods. I feel my cheeks burning. I realize what love can mean to a woman!

"I—I'm over this way," I answered, finding my voice.

"Stay where you are and I'll find you if you will call out when I ask you to," was his thrilling reply.

The idea of coming face to face with a stranger whose voice reminded me of the long ago when, as a little girl, I had lived elsewhere than the Big Bend, frightened me while I waited. What would I say and do? I kept begging myself, a sensation of fire in my blood. The impulse to run away grew stronger as I heard him thrashing nearer and nearer. But, as I have learned, few of us run away from danger until it's too late.

"This way—" I told him, realizing I had lost my chance to run away. And, anyhow, something inside of me, an inner voice I'd never heard before, kept telling me that I didn't really want to go. I wanted to stay and see the stranger whose voice had made my heart turn over. Maybe he was an answer to my longing for the world that seemed out of my reach. Maybe he would help me make my yearnings come true!

The trees were going round and round as a tall young man pushed his way into the tiny clearing where I stood. Never in all my dreams had I believed a man could be so good-looking! He was tall and slender in his fine hunting clothes. His cheeks were red and so unlike the leathery skin of Trigger Simmons and the others; and his dark eyes flashed a power over me.

"I hope I didn't frighten you with my shooting," he was saying, his voice not rough like Big Bend voices. It seemed like beautiful music to me, music I'd been wanting to hear ever since I could remember.

For the minute I was afraid to trust my voice. So I shook my head in answer, forgetful then that his gun had scared me.

"I came up from F— on the steamer to try a little hunting. They told me I'd find the [Turn to page 114]

Seth jerked the gun to his shoulder. I grabbed the barrel and tried to scream. He was cocking both barrels.



I'm Afraid Allan Will Think I'm

Not Much of a Sport



*This Is a Story About
An Adventure in the
Sky, Which She Called the
"Road to Heaven," Until One Day—*

"Wasn't it an awful sensation?" Molly asked.

AS I trilled that spring afternoon at the foot of the stairs leading to the Trents' flat, I thought of course Molly would be out. But her pretty face appeared almost at once over the second floor balustrade. "Come shopping with me. I've fifty-seven things to do," I called softly.

"All right. I was just starting out myself. Wait till I get my jacket. I suppose I've got to wear it and be proper, even if it is seventy in the shade."

Molly's voice shows how young she is, the lucky child. There's life in it, a lilt.

I thought there was more verve to it than usual that day—and I was right, for Molly hurried on:

"What do you think? Allan's going over, right now! He just telephoned. I'm so envious I know I'm green!"

"Going over? What do you mean?"

"Why, over town in the aeroplane. He was so excited when he phoned that I didn't know his voice. He said—but I'd better come downstairs, I guess."

I tried to write out a duplicate of the shopping-list I'd left on my library table, but I was too interested in Molly's news to think well. Besides, she was already coming down the stairs, buttoning her tailored suit-coat and talking as she came.

"He's been threatening to do it. He said the other

day that if he ever called me up and said, 'Good-by, Molly; I'm going over,' I needn't think he was dying at the other end of the wire; he'd just be getting ready to fly! Dear, I wish we could go down to the field!"

So did I.

OUR town, for some reason, had been very slow about getting an aeroplane. This was our first one. Nobody'd felt like putting money into one for either a commercial proposition or for a plaything. But finally a barber, whom no one guessed had any money, bought this one after being at the state fair in the fall. It hadn't come until nearly Christmas, and had been housed for several months after that.

I hadn't even been to the landing-field south of town, although I'd heard the plane for some time then—especially Sundays, when it seemed to do a thriving business. I had considered going up myself, but decided that fifteen dollars for a ten minute view of Burlington was too high a view for me.

The Trents' flat is on one of the side business streets—cheap. They're saving for a baby and a house.

As we finally started in our shopping, Molly admired my hat, which, I'd been afraid, was a little old; told me she had broken her pearl beads; asked for my date-

pudding recipe; and gave me for the second time an account of Allan's telephoning.

We were crossing the street, keeping a sharp watch-out for cars, when we suddenly heard the hum of the aeroplane. Of course we stood on the corner and gaped heavenward with the rest, trying to discern its occupant. It was low enough to show the colored circles painted on the wings, and the golden ring made by the whirring propeller.

"That was Allan!" Molly cried. "I just know it was; he said he was just ready to start! Let's watch until they come back!"

The plane went on north. It rose higher and higher, and then, almost before we knew it, made a complete turn.

"Oh, he looped the loop!" Molly breathed, standing tense beside me.

THE plane faded out of sight, Molly's eager eyes following it as far as they could. "I wish we could be down at the field when he lands! Oh—let's!"

"All right. Look around for a friend with a car. The hangar is just at the end of this paved street."

But not a friend could we see. We were deciding upon a waiting taxi, when we heard the plane going south over our heads, and realized we could never overtake it.

I was almost as disappointed as Molly. It would have been such fun to watch Allan Trent alight, beside seeing his surprise at finding us among the spectators.

We went on trying to find brunette face-powder and an Irish collar I wanted. We were crossing the street again—in a town our size it's always *the* street—when a runabout stopped in front of us. It was Allan Trent in his company's little machine.

"Get in. I'm going to take you for a ride," he commanded.

"Go ahead, Molly; I can't. I've a lot of things to do yet," I said, pushing Molly toward the open car-door. "I haven't time to jaunt around with you youngsters."

"Oh, come on, Miss Sayre. It only takes ten minutes. You want to see Molly fly, don't you?"

FLY? Well, I should say I did. That was a different matter. I had thought, and so had Molly, that Allan meant a ride *about* town, not *over* town.

We jumped into the car and in one minute found ourselves corralled inside the gates at the railroad crossing, where we put in three or four ages waiting for a freight to pass.

"If that isn't luck for you!" snapped Allan Trent. "I told Chick Burgess I'd have Molly there for the next trip. And now look!"

"Say, did you see me loop the loop? Oh, boy, but that was sport! Worth the whole price of admission. Chick's a corking good flyer. I wouldn't be afraid to do anything with him."

On and on the excited boy rattled.

As we sighted the yellow pine hangar at the edge of the field, he was saying. "I just couldn't have you miss it, Molly. It's foolish for us to spend the money, I know, but you're young only once and we'll make it up some other way. I think you ought to get all the interesting sensations you can out of life. We've got only one to live."

We stopped in front of the queerly-shaped shed with the rolled-back doors, and climbed out. A bare field stretched in front of us and in it the big gray bird was resting. As we approached the little group of people near it, one of the men called to Allan. We all knew Sam Hubbard.

"Well, you got her, didn't you? Took you longer than we expected, though, and my cousin got the fever while we were waiting. He's just ready to start. You'll be the next passenger, Mrs. Trent."

"There she goes!"

I'm sure we all cried it at once. A man in overalls had reached up and started the propeller. The gray



"My God! I forgot to fasten the belt," he said.

The plane circled the field, came back against the wind and was off.



the goggles on, and handed her the gauntlets. Then he helped her climb in, not a very graceful process for a girl in a plain skirt.

Chick Burgess, the pilot, came

bird, scratching up a cloud of dust as she moved, ran along the ground, turned, came back against the wind, rose gracefully, and was off.

During its flight we listened to Allan Trent and Sam Hubbard comparing notes. They agreed that looping the loop was the event of their lives to date.

"What did it feel like? Wasn't it an awful sensation?" Molly asked.

"Awful nothing. Didn't feel a thing. Saw the town change to sky and back again to town, and that's all there was to it," said Molly's husband.

Sam Hubbard was less lord-like. "I had a queer feeling in my stomach when we turned. Sort of like coming down a dozen stories in an express elevator, only it was over quicker." Sam smiled at Molly. You couldn't help but like Sam Hubbard; he was always so kind.

THE man in overalls came toward us. I was surprised to see a white collar above the overalls and to find the owner the son of a friend of mine, a son supposed to be on Main Street selling pianos.

"Well, what are you doing here? Are you interested in this concern?" and I pointed to the hangar.

"Interested, Miss Sayre? I'm loony! I can't keep away. Dad's down in Florida, you know, or I wouldn't dare be here in business hours."

"There they are!" cried Allan Trent, and in two minutes we were out in the field examining the plane, while the pilot and the piano-merchant's son watered and oiled it. Allan showed us the linen-covered body and wings, the cables and aluminum trimmings, the driver's seat and "sticks," the passenger's helmet and gloves.

"You'll love it, Molly. There's nothing to be scared at. There isn't any feeling at all about rising, and only a little when you light. You've got plenty of nerve. You'll enjoy it. But you won't want to take the flop."

"Heavens, no! No trimmings for me."

"All right. Here take her hat," he bossed, to me. He pulled the leather helmet over Molly's thick hair, slipped

round the machine toward us, pulling down his goggles. He was a fine fellow, with a first-class record in France and at home. I'd known him for years, and Allan and Molly knew him slightly.

CHICK handed Molly a checky-looking blank to sign—the men called it a "release"—and grinned boyishly at her.

"Want to break the mileage record, Mrs. Trent?" he asked. Then he became all business. "Got her ready, Trent?"

Allan nodded. "Yep. Put on your gauntlets, Molly; it's cold up there. And if you decide to do the flop, just make a circular movement with your right arm. Chick'll know what you mean, won't you, Chick? 'By, honey."

"Think you will want to turn over, Mrs. Trent?" asked Chick, putting on his gloves.

"Oh, I hardly think so, Mr. Burgess. Still, I might," and Molly smiled a begoggled smile at us. "If I do, I'll give you the high sign, good and plain. G'by, everybody. If I don't come back, you're to be the second Mrs. Trent, Miss Sayre!"

We went back to the road to get out of the dust of the starting, Allan beaming with pride at Molly's good-bye. The plane circled in the field, came back against the wind and was off.

"She's some sport, Molly is," Allan announced. "But I don't really think she'll want to loop the loop, do you? Looping the loop's something that lots of men would just as soon watch. Kind of wish she would, though. I'd be awfully proud of her."

Suddenly he grabbed my arm, wrenching it so in his big hand that I cried out with the pain.

"My God, my God! I forgot to fasten the belt!"

I didn't believe him. I couldn't.

Why, it was impossible! His wife—not to have fixed every strap!

His face was gray, a dead gray, and his eyes were

terrible. I was inarticulate. I could only think, over and over, that it was not possible. Allan Trent wasn't the careless sort. He simply wasn't the kind that could have failed to clamp that belt. Why, even the sort that carries letters around for a week would think of the strap the first thing, the strap that made one safe, kept one in if the machine tipped.

THE agony in Allan Trent's face was an awful thing to see. I pulled him down the road, away from Sam Hubbard and the rest, away from the direction the plane had taken.

"Stop it," I commanded. "Of course you fastened her in. You did it the very first thing, without knowing you did it."

"I didn't! God! Miss Sayre, I didn't! I didn't see the belt. I never thought of the belt. I never thought of one thing but getting Molly up into the air where I had been.

"Would she have the courage to loop the loop? That's what I was thinking! I wanted to be proud of her, before those fellows. I wanted— Oh, my God!"

I knew then that what Allan Trent said was true. He had forgotten to strap Molly in.

I could not think. I could only listen for the hum of the motor—and everywhere I looked I seemed to see that thick, five-inch belt hanging from the back of the passenger's seat. I hadn't noticed the one on the pilot's seat, but I'd seen the other one the moment I glanced into the plane. It had looked so strong and dependable. I had been going to speak of it at the time, but Allan was telling us about aeroplane linen and I forgot it afterward.

I listened with straining ears for the sound of the plane. They would come back to do the turn where we could see. It was the last thing I had called to Molly.

"Come back here to do your tumble," I had said.

Tumble!

I walked Allan Trent down the road, faster and faster. He talked on and on, but quite coherently.

"I was only thinking. 'Go ahead and do it, old girl. You're never car-sick or anything. You always like to swing and ride merry-go-rounds and do things like that. You've got grit. Go to it.' Chick's never had a woman yet who would do it. He told me so. Oh, God, strike me dead!"

MY THOUGHTS raced wildly. Chick had let a passenger, a woman passenger at that, start off without looking himself to see if everything was in order! He had no right to do that. He had trusted Allan Trent, put his professional honor in his hands. But what was Chick Burgess's name or peace of mind against Molly's life—loving, pretty Molly? And her own husband was the cause—careless, gay, thinking of himself, coaxing her on, not to the prideful feat he had hoped, but to death—horrible, certain!

For Molly was going to loop the loop. I tried to think that her nerve might leave her before she gave the signal to Chick, but I couldn't. I knew Molly. And I'd seen

it in Molly's face before she started—the laughing gleam in her blue eyes, the you-can't-dare-me look that women wear more often than men.

Then came a sound we both knew.

We turned as one person, Allan Trent and I. The plane was coming back toward the landing-field. It was coming down. Molly was safe! She wouldn't have looped the loop unless we could see, and here she would be, landing as safe as a child jumping from the bottom porch-step!

Allan Trent broke away from my clutch and started running out into the field. His fists were tight-locked and his jaws moved as though he were shouting, but no sound came.

I stood in the road, paralyzed. The plane was not coming down; it was rising, higher and higher! Suddenly it started straight up, headed into the heavens. I knew what that meant—the first movement of the circle of the loop.

I closed my eyes. I think I prayed for the lad stumbling in the ploughed field, but I do not know.

I kept my eyes closed a long time, waiting for the cry of horror to come from the little group of spectators up the field. I did not open them until I heard the sound of the plane close to me, the shouts of small boys as it stopped in front of the shed. Then I saw Allan Trent lunging ahead at an unbelievable pace through the field and helping Molly out of the plane.

I GOT there myself pretty quickly in spite of clods and holes and my new strap pumps. Molly was taking off her goggles and helmet.

She was very smiley and chattery.

"Oh, it was perfectly wonderful! I'm crazy about it. You can't imagine how pretty everything looks. I found our flats all right, but I had an awful

time. I finally located them by that low white garage across the street. I found your house, Miss Sayre; and the auditorium and the library and all the churches. And I could even see washings on the line, and a little boy jumping up and down!"

I couldn't look at Allan. He hadn't said a single word.

Sam Hubbard called over: "We thought for a minute you were going to loop the loop, Molly."

Molly looked wide-eyed at him. "Oh, my, no! Plain sailing's good enough for me. I guess I'm a good deal of a coward, to tell the truth," and she laughed.

We were getting into the runabout. I couldn't help but see Allan Trent's face then. He was white, with bluish lips, but I've never seen anybody look so happy, so sort of awed.

"Oh, well, people haven't any business doing those fancy stunts," he said.

They put me out downtown, after a debate as to whether they should have a steak at home or get dinner at a restaurant. It was almost six. I put in a word for the restaurant. I thought they needed to relax slowly, not slump as they would at home. It would be just as well for them to be a bit formal for an hour or so.

About eight-thirty that night my [Turn to page 82]

The Damned Yankee!


A STORY of the old South —

— of a mansion which has known the pride of a great family —

— and of a man named Smith!

Next Month

To Stardom on Tiptoe



CLAIRE LUCE, who has been added to the attraction of the "Moving Skyward" rapidly.

LUCITA CORVERA has danced her way to favor in three regnes. She is a bright spot in the new edition of "Artists and Models."



*EDITH SHEPARD, sixteen years old,
is the youngest member of the "Greenwich
Village Follies." She was selected by
Governor Smith of New York as the most
talented girl in her dancing class.*



J. H. KIEHL LBT RT is a snappy feature
in "Shore's R. M." She is fast as
a cat and a favorite.



*Here Is
a Bit
of Life
Torn
from the
Hearts
of Two
People.*



Regina looked like a queen in a wine-colored velvet . . . "Come up and meet some of the gang," she begged.

Maybe

We Were Both Wrong

REGINA and I lived side by side in the little town where we were both born. We grew up together, went to the same school, fought and played together, and shared the same thoughts. Regina was a glorious Titian-haired girl, with the kind of temper that goes with that complexion. I was small and delicate and flaxen blonde. When we began to go out to dances I always had the most attention, although

to my opinion she was by far the loveliest of the two. "They look at blondes first," Regina used to say, and it really seemed true.

Like all youngsters, we were stage struck; our greatest amusement was taking part in amateur theatricals. Both of us could dance, and we thought we could act. Nearly every week found us giving some sort of performance, dressed up in everything our attics afforded.

Just as we shared everything, we shared Lem Stonner, too. He was a young lawyer, son of the local judge. We were wild about him. He had just the proper amount of consideration in his manner, just that flattering something in his look that young girls love. We were so much in love with him that it almost broke up our friendship.

He never seemed to show any preference between us, but called on first one and then the other of us impartially. I think Regina and I would have stopped speaking altogether, if it had not been for the necessity of comparing notes.

Regina was of a more positive character than I, holding very definite ideas about life.

"Men are exactly alike," she used to say. "You have to vamp 'em to get 'em, and after they are yours for keeps, you have to vamp 'em to hold 'em." And this expressed exactly what we both felt to be true.

THE summer before I was seventeen, the new Chamber of Commerce gave a big picnic, and Lem asked both Regina and me to go with him. It was this affair that settled things for us, and marked our course forever afterward.

Lem took us in his car. Everybody was present; there were the usual races and games, and a lot of wholesome fun. I soon tired of it all, but Regina, on the other hand, entered into every bit of the sport with a whole heart.

When the big race started—Lem was on the side-lines urging Regina on—it just seemed to me I couldn't stand the thing another moment. I know now that I was jealous, because all the attention was being focused on Regina. But I didn't know it then. I just had a feeling that I wanted to get away from everyone.

There was a little brook back in the woods somewhere, and I got up and went looking for it. No one noticed I had left; everyone was too interested in the races.

I found the little stream. The murmur of the water rested me, and I lay down in the quiet shade and started to think of Lem. I wondered how the puzzle would all work out. For despite my sophisticated ideas of life and the management of men, I was still a small-town girl and couldn't see beyond what I knew. Lem was the only man I'd ever seen that I wanted, and he did not seem to want me. He'd been calling on me for three months now—and in all that time he'd never even held my hand.

All of a sudden I decided I'd go wading. The water was clear as crystal. I took off my slippers and stockings and stuck in an inquiring toe. It was lovely! I lifted my dimity dress high, and splattered happily. I did not hear a sound until there came a laugh right behind me. I dropped my skirt and turned sharply—there was Lem standing on the bank simply convulsed with laughter.

Hurt pride sent the blood flaming to my face. As my skirt had dropped to the water, it was naturally dripping. I tried to walk fast over the pebbles to the bank where my stockings were, but the stones cut my feet; one rolled under my weight, and I fell with a splash, wetting myself thoroughly.

LEM was conscience-stricken when he saw what had happened to me. He came in and picked me up in his arms like a child, and carried me to a tree stump. With his arms around me I wept without restraint. He set me down, but I leaned against him and sobbed.

"Mary dear—don't cry. What is it?" he asked.

"I—I'm all wet; what will people say?" I sobbed.

"That's all right. You'll be dry in a few minutes, and no one minds a little mussing on a day like this," he comforted.

"Why did you have to laugh at me?" I demanded stubbornly.

"Because you looked so funny with your skirt up to your waist. You were having such a good time," he told me.

At this I wept afresh.

"Stop crying—there isn't any sense to it," he said a little sharply at this new outburst.

"Well, you made me cry in the first place," I countered.

He put his hands on my shoulders, and I almost think he was going to shake me, but I put my arms suddenly



around his neck and pressed myself close to him.

"Lem," I said, "don't you like me a little?"

He looked down at me, silent with surprise. His face went red for an instant, and then all the color drained from it, leaving it dead white. His arms closed around me tight, very tight.

OF COURSE," he said, "why, of course. I—I've always cared for you," and lowering his head he kissed me on the mouth, the first real kiss I'd ever known.

Well, everything might have ended right there. But just at that moment Mrs. Chiltern came around the bushes and spied us in each other's arms.

A gasp, and we separated.

"Well," she said, "well——" She was the worst

gossip in the town—a veritable walking newspaper.

Foolishly I put my hand up to my mouth as if to hide the obvious fact that Lem had just kissed me.

"Lem rescued me," I said. "I fell in the creek."

"Yes?" she asked. "Was he rescuing you when I came upon you just now?"

"I was just asking Mary to consider me in the light of a husband," Lem said, with an air of putting her in her place.

She beamed. All the venom went out of her face instantly. Husband? That was legal—that was quite different, and very respectable.

I knew Lem had spoken to help me out of a tight place, and I did not want to take advantage of his chivalry. But nevertheless the thought thrilled me.



In the doorway stood
Lem looking at us
"Who is that man?" he
thundered.

"My! And am I the first to know it? How romantic!" she gurgled, and with that she left us. I was certain she'd lose no time in spreading the news.

"Oh, Lem, you've done it now," I mourned.

"Why, dear?" he asked, holding me close again. "Much worse things could happen. Kiss me again." And that is just what I did.

WHEN we finally made our reappearance, we found that the news had preceded us, just as I feared it would. Everybody whistled, and sang and played, "Here comes the bride." They all filed past, and some fool started a mock wedding and made us march down an imaginary aisle.

Taking it all in all, everybody had a lovely time—but us.

My heart was full. I was crazy about Lem, but I felt that he had been forced into a false position, and I wanted to let him out. But how, I did not know.

After dinner that night, Regina came over to see me. She had been very quiet during all the noise of our reported engagement in the afternoon, and I wondered what she'd say.

"I'm going away—to New York, Mary. I'm sick of this place," she announced.

"Why, Regina!" I said, stunned.

"You know Aunt Tillie went there to live from Boston last year. I want to study dancing, and that is the place to do it."

"Yes," I admitted, "but it's going to be terrible here without you." I was certain that my affair with Lem that afternoon had decided her.

"Oh, you'll have Lem soon," she said.

Well, that seemed to settle it. I'd have to have Lem, now that Regina was going. I could not stand it without both of them.

So that's how Lem and I were married on my seventeenth birthday.

Even now I did not know if he really loved me. All that I knew was that I was wild about him. Our honeymoon was full of strange, beautiful hours of love that flamed like stars on a dark night. Nevertheless I could never be sure how deep Lem's feeling for me went. I wanted to be his whole world—but I wasn't.

INTO my married life I carried the idea of my girlhood, that the way to get a man was to vamp him, and that the way to hold one was also to vamp him. This gave me a certain power. I could take Lem away from whatever he was doing, and make him devote himself to me exclusively. But the spell didn't last.

We moved to a small town not far from my home. Regina went to New York, and I heard from her often during the first few months, and then not so often, and finally not at all. Lem occupied most of my time, and after awhile I forgot her.

Two years after our marriage Lem had an offer to go to New York as the office man of a big bonding company. It looked like a good chance, and the salary seemed wonderful, so we moved to the big city.

Marriage had given me no security. I wasn't sure about Lem's love for me, and for that reason I made desperate efforts to hold it. Life was a series of impassioned interludes for me. I made it my chief business in life to vamp my husband. I've heard people say that most women don't do enough of this sort of thing, but I guess I overdid it a little. I wanted his attention every minute, and I played for it.

One night, shortly after we arrived in New York, Lem sat up to do some work that he had to have ready in the morning. I slipped into a negligée and let my hair down.

It always made me unhappy to have Lem work. It shut me out.

Finally I slipped up behind him and clasped my hands over his eyes.

"Umm," he sniffed, "I could tell that perfume anywhere. If you were lost I could trace you by it." He reached up and loosened my hands. "Got to work, darling; you go to bed."

"I'm lonesome," I begged; "I want to be played with."

My hand smoothed his hair. "Come, lover," I pleaded.

HE ROSE abruptly, and took me in his arms. I could feel the tenseness of his body, and see the strained look I'd grown to know around his mouth.

"Mary, Mary, you're such a sweet baby," he said. Raising me in his arms, he carried me into the other room.

This had happened before. It was a way I had of keeping him to myself, far from every intruding thought.

I woke up later and realized that his place was empty. I stole out to the living room, and found him hard at work. I made my way carefully back to bed, so that he wouldn't know I'd seen him.

The next day I decided to look up Regina. I called her aunt on the telephone, but she said that Regina had

moved uptown, so finally I went to the address she gave me. It was a gorgeous corner of Riverside Drive, and I was amazed at the beauty of the apartment and the expensiveness of the furnishings.

Regina looked like a queen in a wine-colored velvet dress trimmed with sable.

She was sincerely glad to see me.

"You old darling," she said as she kissed me, "how are you, and how is Lem, and what do you think of marriage now?"

I did not answer her, but asked a few questions of my own. Where had she gotten these lovely things, and was she in love, or was she married or going to be?

She laughed and shook her head.

"I've just been a little successful—dancing—and then I've some friends who've made some good investments for me," she explained.

"Do you dance on the stage?" I asked.

"No, just at private parties—very much as we used to do, you and I.

She had a lot of talent, I knew. She could dance ever since her toddling days.

Autumn Madness!

IS THERE really a time in life which deserves to be called the Dangerous Age? If so, is it in the spring of life, or the summer, or the fall?

There is a fascination hard to describe in the story Autumn Madness, coming next month.

"Come up and meet some of the gang, tomorrow," she begged.

"I'd love to."

She looked me over. "I'll rig you up some clothes of mine," she said thoughtfully.

"Won't mine do?" I asked a little hurt.

"Oh, it's a bizarre bunch that hangs out here," she answered. "They are only impressed by the unusual."

Well, for some reason I did not tell Lem that I had seen Regina, and when I went to her apartment again the next afternoon I had the queerest feeling that I was walking into trouble of some sort.

Regina dressed me in a square-necked metal brocade that looked as if it had come out of a costume picture. She insisted on taking my hair down and braiding it in two plaits, with artificial pearls intertwined. She took all the rouge off my face, and used her own scarlet lipstick on my mouth. I am so very fair that I look dead white with no color. My mouth was a red scar, yet there was something compelling about the face that looked back from the mirror.

"This dress is much too low, Regina," I said.

"Too low for what?" she asked. "No one here will object."

REGINA herself wore the costume of an Indian dancer. She was exotic, and strange, and very lovely. She had bobbed her red hair, and the short hair suited her wonderfully. It gave the impression of great vitality.

"Regina, this is exactly the way we used to do when we were kids," I giggled, and she laughed too.

Regina's apartment was a duplex with a balcony from which the chambers opened. The living room was very large, and already several people were in it when we finally appeared. They had made themselves quite at home, calmly consuming Regina's liquor.

There were several women, who all looked beautiful to me, and about a half-dozen men. They were the substantial type one sees about New

York, and I noticed that they all seemed on the friendliest terms with Regina.

Someone started the electric piano, and everybody danced, except me. Two of the men asked me, but I was too shy.

Pretty soon a man came up and sat down beside me. He was very handsome, in a sleek, well-groomed way.

"Hello, little lady," he said. "You're a new one to me. I'm Cliff Devereaux."

"I'm Mary Stonner," I replied primly. I did not say Mrs. Stonner.

"Mary Stonner," he tried the name over. "New here?"

"Regina and I are old friends," I answered.

"So?" He [Turn to page 103]



I pounded his chest with helpless hands. "Beast!"

*It Took a
Catastrophe
To Bring the
Question to her
Trembling Lips.*

What Have I Done?

MAKE him take a cold bath, and then bring some sour lemonade and some hot soup," I told the steward simply. "I'll see that he drinks it." I knew well enough what to do! Hadn't I seen my own father this way many times in the past?

We had a long honeymoon, which we spent just wandering around, playing together. Don never asked me to explain that first night, and I never spoke to him about his drinking then. I just played golf and tennis, and rode and swam with him, as I had with Daddy, so that he was too busy and happy and tired to think of drinking. Then, I hardly blamed Don for acting the way he did on our wedding night—as I had showed him so plainly that I never loved him.

Don was in no more of a hurry to get home than I



My heart was singing . . . I knew Brad loved me still.

was. I wouldn't let myself look ahead to getting back there and facing Marian and Brad as man and wife, seeing them together all the time as I'd have to. So I kept putting it off.

But finally Don's father sent word that Don ought

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"No, she's like the Lorelei, with that yellow hair," I heard young Billy Keith say.

to come at once, because of his work. So we went back.

It was harder than I'd expected, going home again. All the way back I dreaded it more and more. We drove past the Club on the way to our new home, and I saw Brad on the porch with Marian. I turned cold all over. My heart seemed to stop for a second, and then to beat so hard that I wondered that Donald didn't hear it.

The Club stood facing the golf links, with the houses forming a crescent of which it was the center. There were big lawns and gardens, and as everyone had a good deal of money, the whole place was beautiful. Back in the hills were a number of big estates, belonging to people like the Lanes and the Atwoods.

Don's father had given us the Bellows' house, as Mother had expected. It was a charming place, clear at one end of the crescent, a lovely home for a bride. And

it was all lighted up that night for us, and Mother and Daddy and Doctor and Mrs. Bellows were waiting to welcome us. Babbles ran over as soon as we got there, and some of the rest of the crowd came later. I prayed that Marian and Brad wouldn't come.

BUT of course I couldn't avoid them forever. Two nights later Babbles gave a dinner and dance for Donald and me, and of course they were there.

I knew that I'd never looked better; my frock was a perfectly wonderful one that Aunt Sue had sent me from Paris, and most becoming. Marian, as it happened, had on one of almost exactly the same shade of pale green. But she was little and rather scrawny and her skin was not good. Everybody knew that she had loads of jewels, but she was wearing only her wedding ring.

"Did you ever see a girl so pleased over getting married as Marian is?" Babbles whispered to me.

"She ought to be!" I answered.

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"She ought to be!" I answered.

Babbles thought that I was being catty, but I wasn't. I was saying to myself that Marian ought to be happier than any other girl in the world, because she had Brad. The long days of association with Donald had shown me what life could be if you were married to a man you loved with your whole heart. Nothing in the world or heaven itself could be more wonderful. And to think that Marian had married him by a trick! I told myself as I looked down the dinner table at Brad that my heart would never stop aching.

HE ASKED me to dance, of course. I had always loved to dance with him. That night I just couldn't stand it. He put his arm around me and held me close to him, and took my right hand in his and held it against his shoulder. I could feel his heart beat. The music carried us along for an instant, and then I heard my own voice moaning in agony.

"What is it, Nina—are you ill?" he cried. I tore myself from his arms and ran out onto the porch, where it was dark. He hurried after me.

"Oh, Brad, why did you do it?" I asked. "How could you, when you had said that you loved me?"

"I couldn't have married you, dear," he answered. "Don't you remember, I said that I loved you, but that was all. I had nothing in the world but my job, and that didn't pay me enough to buy your clothes. I lost that job the very day I told you that I loved you."

"I wouldn't have cared," I sobbed. "I could have worn old clothes, and worked for you. Money wouldn't have mattered."

"Oh, but it would have. Why, child, you don't know how to live without money. It would have been years before I could have supported you."

I knew that he was right. He couldn't have married me without money, and Daddy couldn't have done anything for us, because what he has is all tied up, and he's been heels over head in debt for years. Was my hasty marriage with Don best after all? I turned and ran back to the doorway.

Brad's voice came after me, saying, "I'll always love you, Nina."

In a place like the one where we lived, people do a lot of talking. Don and I didn't give them anything to talk about; I saw to it that we seemed to be just the usual young married couple, blissfully happy, and liking to be by ourselves most of the time. It was easier for me when there weren't any other people around; I couldn't keep up the pretense of being madly in love with my husband all the time. And in private we were just good pals.

BUT they talked about Marian and Brad. They began to say that it was wonderful, the things she had done for him. But they smiled unpleasantly when they said it. He'd been given charge of all her father's



"I'm not happy with you, and never have been," I told him. "I've worked till I'm sick, and I hate it!"



Torn between memories of Don and memories of Brad—I wondered whether happiness lay ahead for me!

real estate, and of the money her mother had left her. That made it possible for him to make a good deal. Mr. Lane had given them a house in New York, and later they were to have a country place.

Marian couldn't say two words without saying "My husband." She liked to dig at me, too. She came to see me two or three times, and tried to find out whether Brad had really cared for me; we'd been together so much that people had talked about it. I stood it till she began to tell me little, intimate things that she had no business to tell. Then I got rid of her forever.

She had said, "Do you know, I used to be almost jealous of you, Nina? Just imagine—I really thought Brad cared seriously a little bit for you!"


I made my mouth smile while inside I was cold as ice. "You should have remembered that Brad couldn't let himself do that," I told her. "He had to marry money."

She was furious, of course, because she knew I told the truth. But I was dreadfully sorry; I'd have given anything not to have said it. I'd learned through my own unhappiness to spare everyone else whenever I could. I was glad, though, to get rid of her. She made life too hard for me.

We had been back at the Club just a month when Don's father was killed in an automobile accident. It was heartbreaking; Don had worshiped his father. After Doctor Bellows' affairs [Turn to page 109]

I Never Dreamed **Good** *That Dirk Was*

*It Wasn't As If
What I Was*



OUR canal boat passed through the locks yesterday. I saw a girl I used to know, and she stared and pointed at me. Two or three people looked. It was the first time I'd seen my home in two years, but I didn't speak to anyone. Dirk was sitting on the cabin of our boat, smoking. He looked at me significantly and I went meekly down below.

I have hardly been off the boat in the two years since Dirk brought me here. Somehow, passing through my home town and not daring to speak to anybody made me realize what has happened to me—and made me wonder if I've changed.

Dirk took me away two years ago. Since then I've only spoken to another man once. I haven't talked to more than three or four women. And all the time we've been surrounded by towns—passing through busy cities tied up against the canal banks near farmhouses and villages.

If I told you just what happened, it would sound melodramatic.

One night, as I was asleep in my own room in my father's house, I woke up out of a nightmare trying to scream.

But I couldn't! There were fingers—real fingers—at my throat. They cut off my breath. I went crazy with terror. I felt the bedclothes being stuffed into my mouth. I felt a blanket wrapped around my head. I felt the cold night air as somebody picked me up.

Strong, terribly strong arms were around me. Stark, staring mad with terror, I felt myself lifted out of a window, and carried down a hill that I knew led to the water. I was put in a boat. And as the boat cast off and was rowed down the canal, I fainted.

That sounds melodramatic enough, doesn't it? It sounds like something out of a book, not something that would happen in a civilized country. But here's something that a book wouldn't say.

It served me right!

I deserved the scare, and I deserved the horror that filled me, and I guess I deserved all that happened to me afterward. But it's

Enough *to* Marry

I Didn't Know

Doing, and Yet—

only lately that I've realized it.

I can't tell you what I was before that night. Different boys had told me what I was, and I laughed. It wouldn't look well in print. But—I cheated. Most girls are good; some aren't.

I was a betwixt-and-between.

I wasn't bad. Oh, no! I was what a fellow told me once, sneering, "Chemically pure." No boy could say there was a real reason why I shouldn't marry, but they could say something that would keep men from wanting to marry me.

I wanted excitement, yet I didn't want to take any chances. I wanted to get all the thrills—and I wanted to remain pure.

Yes, I was a virgin, but I wasn't chaste. I knew how to take care of myself. I would let a boy go so far, and no farther. And I would let them go pretty far.

Funny, isn't it?

If I liked a boy, why, I wanted him to thrill me. Sometimes I met boys who really liked me. They wanted me for a sweetheart. But I didn't get much thrill out of ordinary small-town courtship. It was easy to get them in the frame of mind where they'd be more exciting. I'd tell them they were "Awfully slow."

I liked to be tempted—and I never fell.

But boys don't like that kind of girl. Once a fellow realized what I was, he had no more use for me. I cheated, you see. I'd neither be one thing or the other

AFTER awhile nobody came around. The only men I'd meet were strangers. I felt that I had to be extra careful with strangers; never go out with

He was handsome . . . with that savage kind of look that makes you feel a man is dangerous.



them; just sit on the front porch in the darkness. Then I could always scream, and they knew it.

I never had to do it but once.

There was Dirk. He owned a canal boat and lived alone on it. Our little town got most of its freight by canal, as the boats are cheaper on freight-rates than the railroad. Sometimes his boat would tie up for three or four days, being unloaded. He'd sit on the after-deck, smoking, and maybe mending some of his clothes or doing his own washing.

I flirted with him from the canal-bank one day. He was handsome and had that savage kind of look that makes you feel that a man is dangerous, that you'd better not try to fool him. Women like that kind of man. I thought he ought to be thrilling.

He made a date with me and I went to the movies with him. I let him kiss me good-night when he took me home. That was the first time I'd been with him. I was just a little afraid of him, but I promised to go out with him again.

The more I knew him, the more I felt that he couldn't be fooled like the others. If he started something, he would finish it. I'd been out with him half a dozen times before I realized that I had him going. He stammered a little when he talked with me, and I could make him blush. I could make him tongue-tied. He was in love with me.

BUT I never thought of marrying him. He was a canal boat man, too far beneath me. He was only good enough to spoon with. He wasn't nearly good enough to marry me.

But I got down on my knees to him later, begging him to!

As he was leaving the next day—his boat was going back for another load—we sat until late on the dark front porch. Vines grew up in front of it. Nobody could see. I leaned against him in the porch-swing.

"You're awfully slow, Dirk," I said, laughing.

"How?" He thought it over a moment. Then he put his arm around me—it was trembling. "You—you don't mind?"

"Not yet," I laughed again. Dirk ought to be thrilling if he got started.

He bent his head, and I held up my lips. He kissed me. Then he kissed me again. Then he kissed me savagely, passionately. Dirk was crazy about me.

He drew back suddenly. His kisses had been pretty wild.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I—I didn't mean to kiss you like that."

"I like 'em rough," I said invitingly. "I'm not mad yet."

He stared, breathing heavily. I cuddled against him, and pouted invitingly.

A minute later I said breathlessly, "And I'm not mad yet either. Not yet."

"Say," he said, "you know I'm crazy about you. I—"

"You're slow!" I told him impatiently. "You're awfully slow!"

He stared at me a long time before he could speak. "I'm going away tomorrow," he whispered hoarsely after awhile.

"Next time you come—dear

HE GOT up suddenly and went away, drunk with emotion. I went to bed, languorous and sleepy. Dirk was thrilling.

But he didn't go away next day. His boat stayed tied up against the canal-bank. And next night he came up to see me.

I wouldn't go out with him. I knew better! I just stayed on the porch with him, in the dark. And I laughed, and told him next time he came—maybe. But it was dark there, and no one could see.

But I had forgotten that there is a limit to what a man can stand. The thrill stopped and I was suddenly terrified. I fought him silently for a minute, gasping. Then I screamed. I had to.

He drew back from me and cursed me. He told me what I was. He used a word that would not look well in print.

"You—!" he said, choking. "I'll get you yet!"

He stumbled away. I told my father I hadn't screamed, that I had just called to some one I knew. I laughed when I thought of Dirk. He'd get me yet! Other men had said that, but they hadn't.

Next morning Dirk's boat made fast to a towline and disappeared. In a way I was sorry.

He came back in a little over a month, though. His boat was tied up and he sat on the after-deck and smoked, mending some of his clothes. I went to the canal-bank. He looked up at me.

"Hello, Dirk," I said gayly. "You're back again."

He stared at me. I waited for him to say something. If he acted right, I might let him come up to see me. He was exciting, all right, but I'd have to be sure I could handle him.

He said nothing. Nothing whatever—just ignored me.

THAT night I sat on the porch alone. Nobody was coming to see me. Why should they? The boys I knew despised me.

I could see a light in the cabin of Dirk's canal boat. I heard hammering going on below decks. I thought about him. I remembered him upon the porch with me.

I was restless when I went to bed.

I huddled under the cover and tried to get warm. After a long time I drifted off to sleep. Then I began to dream.

Then, in my dream, hands seized me. Laughter sounded all around me. I was frozen in that paralyzed impotence of a nightmare. Then I woke up!

Hands were closing about my throat. A dark figure was bent above me, and eyes glittered not six inches from my own. The terror of the nightmare was but the millionth part of the terror I felt then. I tried to shriek, to cry out. The fingers cut off my breath; I tried to

Why Not Write to Us?

WE want your approval. We want you to tell your friends about OUR magazine—yours and mine. And every month we want you to write us a letter telling us which stories you like best. Tell us just what you think of the magazine as a whole. Your criticism will help us to make it better.

We will give twenty-five dollars for the best letter about the March issue; ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third best.

All letters must be in this office by noon, March fifteenth. Prizes will be awarded April 1st. The Editors will be the judges.

claw at the hands. But the bedclothes muffled my arms, and spots swam before my eyes. I felt cloth stuffed into my open mouth—then the pressure on my throat was released.

I was literally crazy with fear. A blanket was thrown over my head, and I was rolled over and over in strong arms. I felt myself lifted up, still struggling voicelessly. Cold night air chilled me. I was being lifted out of the window, and carried down-hill.

woodwork inside was all new. It was not even painted; there were shavings on the floor. The door at the top of the deck-ladder was thick—like an ice-box door.

"I was crazy about you," said Dirk grimly. "I was figuring on marrying you. I reckon you knew it, too. But you wanted to have fun with me instead. Fun!" He spat. "I don't let any woman get away with that. This cabin has got double walls, now. You can yell your lungs out and nobody'll hear you. A tug's going to pick up my line and pull me out of here before day-break, and before anybody knows you're gone."

My teeth chattered. There was no mercy in his face. "Dirk! Dirk! What're you going to do?"

"You knew I wanted to marry you," he said again. "But you wanted fun with me. You said, 'Next time you come.' I know what you are. You wanted to kid me along. But you said, 'Next time you come.'"

"Dirk! Dirk!"

"This is next time," he said grimly. "I loved you, you know. I wanted to marry you. You wanted something else and you said, 'Next time.' This is next time."

And his hand—that huge and terrible hand—closed on my shoulder.

At sunrise, he held my head against a porthole so I could see the banks. We were miles from home, moving slowly along the [Turn to page 106]

The dry sobs hurt my throat.
"I—I'll do anything, Dirk, if
you'll only marry me."

I think that if I could have screamed, then, I would have uttered only gibberish. But soon I felt myself laid down upon boards. Then came the movement of a boat—the splash of oars moving rhythmically.

THERE was no sound of excitement or pursuit. No one had been alarmed. I had been taken from my home in an utterly soundless fashion. I did not even know who had taken me. Mercifully, I fainted.

When I opened my eyes, Dirk was looking down at me. His face was white and his eyes were burning.

"You can scream, now," he said sombrely.

My eyes went panicstricken about me. I was in the cabin of his canal boat. The

Paul suggested a breath of air. "I never saw such a crazy mob," he said

I Know **P**etting

*Here is a Story So
Startling in Its
Revelations That
An Investigation
Was Made Before
We Consented
To Publish It.*

A STORM of protest may greet this sordid revelation of high school secret societies, if you publish it.

But it is, every word, the truth. It is not complete, because it is just my own story but I know from observation that thousands of girls need to stop and think.

I am writing this at one o'clock in the morning, seated at my bedroom window.

A brilliant moon is sending silvery beams through the leafless trees which line our street; disturbing zephyrs of balmy night air flutter the curtains. It is a dreamy night, but it seems to bring back thoughts I want to forget.

Moonlight has always had a dreadfully depressing effect on me, ever since that fateful night six years ago when all the misery in the world seemed to close in on me and imprison me as a being unfit for decent society.

Somewhere out there in the night is my little sixteen

THE PRICE OF A Party

It Was Read By
Several High School
Principals Who
Agree That The Story
is Not Exaggerated.

year old sister, Hazel, gayly dancing away the hours when she should be safely in bed. At two o'clock, three o'clock, or four o'clock, she will return home, hectic, irritable, throbbing with excitement. There will be the odor of liquor and cigarettes on her breath, her eyes will be half-closed from lack of sleep. She will resent my "waiting up" for her.

But I simply cannot go to bed until I see her safely home. How I dread the coming of some night when she will not come home at all, and a telephone message will inform me that she is "spending the night with Sally or Mary or Blanche."

Mother will not listen to me when I protest that Hazel is too young to go to such late parties.

"All Hazel's friends go to these affairs and they are perfectly lovely girls," she insists. "You, yourself, were only fifteen when you went out. Because you didn't like it, and preferred to be a stick-at-home after the first two or three times, is no reason why I should deprive your sister of the same privileges."

MAYBE if I told Mother the story I am going to tell you, she would not be so complacent. But I simply don't dare do it.

However, I want to get this story over. We get SMART SET every month and Mother and Hazel will read it there. They will never suspect I wrote it. There are thousands of girls having similar experiences; there are thousands of older sisters warning the younger ones; there are thousands of heedless mothers. Hazel is not



They took her
to a dressing
room.



Flappers whose years ranged from fourteen to eighteen were there.

my little sister's real name; "Hazel" is a representative name.

We are people of slender means living in one of the "boroughs" adjacent to Manhattan. Quite a "Ritzy" community with even a scant sprinkling of Social Registerites, a country club and an exclusive golf club.

When Mother married Father, she hitched his wagon to a star by purchasing a lot here and building a house which was 'way beyond their means. But Dad's business ability was no match for her ambitions. Instead of becoming a nest of dreams coming true, it turned out to be a millstone hung about his neck, keeping his nose so close to the grindstone that he never dared look around for more fertile fields to conquer. The interest on the huge mortgage always loomed over his head like a hungry bird of prey.

AT THE time of their marriage, Mother had a neat little sum of five thousand dollars which she had inherited from her father's estate, and Dad was making forty dollars a week as star reporter on one of the big dailies. He is still making forty dollars a week. He has seen dozens of men promoted over his head to the City Desk—men less capable than himself—yet he has never dared to protest. All the fight in him had been squelched by that overwhelming mortgage. Year after year, he has grown shabbier and shabbier: meeker and meeker: rayer and grayer.

As the cost of living soared, Dad added to his income by additional work done at home, occasional book reviews and Sunday Magazine articles.

Mother dominated our lives. She sought to sow in the minds of her children—myself, the eldest, my brother Bob and sister Hazel—those seeds of ambition which had failed to take root in Dad.

IN THE house next to ours lived a lawyer's family by the name of Ashton. Mother and Mrs. Ashton were friendly but not friends, for our neighbor belonged to the smart set and entertained quite extensively; the plain truth of the matter was that Mother didn't have any suitable clothes to wear.

However, the Ashton children became our intimate chums. Our "garden" was a great place to play in and we all had wonderful times together.

Grace Ashton and I entered high school the same year. We were both fifteen years old at the time.

I didn't want to go to High. I wanted to go to business school and earn money as soon as possible. I wanted to have smart clothes and be able to go to the movies and to matinees like the other girls. But Mother wouldn't hear of it.

"You can't get anywhere without education," she said, truly enough. "And goodness knows, I don't want you to be a failure like your father. After all I have sacrificed for you, I expect you to make the most of your

Just a jazz-mad crowd of kids with one aim in view — to show each other just how snappy and worldly-wise they were.



opportunities. You'll meet all the nice girls at High, and now it's up to you to win out. Grace Ashton knows most of the nicest families and she can't help introducing you."

I wasn't an exceptionally bright pupil by any means, and in my class were girls of thirteen and fourteen years old. But instead of feeling more mature, I felt young and gawky alongside of them. For most of them were children of wealthy parents; perfectly self-possessed, they were, with an odd little air of sophistication which marked them as beings of another social world.

Occasionally I overheard scraps of their conversations about clothes and parties and "sweeties" which astonished me, and emphasized the gulf which lay between us as surely as if it were geographical.

ONCE in awhile a boy invited me to go to a movie or for a ride in his car. There would be some more or less "fussing" and, as I knew it was expected, I had to submit to quite a bit of flabby kissing and unwelcome mauling. I didn't like it. But I was made to understand that prudes were taboo; that "ironsides"

What the Authorities Say.

Harry B. Chambers: Chairman Law Committee, New York Board of Education:

"The State Commission has asked to have a law passed forbidding high school secret societies. There are such laws now in eighteen states."

Dr. Gilbert S. Blakely, Principal of Evander Childs High School, New York:

"We are constantly fighting the secret society evil in our school."

Charles H. Vosburgh of the New York Board of Education:

"If we allow them they must have supervision. Then we could recognize them and have a teacher in each one to see that all is as it should be."

Doctor J. Guernsey Borst, President Alpha Chapter, Eta Beta Pi fraternity and Professor of Education, Skidmore College:

"We, as a fraternity, do not recognize high school fraternities as secret societies. Personally, I cannot conceive of children under eighteen being permitted to organize without faculty supervision. Our chapters, although composed entirely of college men, each have at least two faculty members. It seems to me that all social clubs in the secondary schools should be compelled to follow a similar plan."

should stay by their own hearthstones; and that each party had its "price."

My first "petting party" left a bad taste in my mouth.

Archie Baldwin, one of the older boys in school, had caught up with me on my way home and had invited me to go for a ride in his car that evening.

Archie wasn't a particularly handsome youth. He was inclined to be fat and his face was blotchy. But his clothes mirrored the latest thing in the cake-eater's catalogue, and a halo of being "wild and fast" fluttered about his reputation.

I was thrilled! And I knew Mother would be entranced!

She was. Archie belonged to the wealthiest family in the neighborhood!

Without looking, I knew that Mother watched from behind the curtains as I entered the low slung car, her heart beating wildly with exultation. It was my debut into the higher social sphere.

I expected to go only for a short run, but as soon as we got clear of the residential district, Archie changed into high and we fairly shot through the darkening twilight.



I telephoned the Arnold home and learned that Mrs. Arnold was at a Country Club dance

We entered a driveway on two wheels and Archie stopped the car in front of a low rambling dwelling so abruptly that I was almost thrown out of my seat.

"Well, here we are, Babs. What do you think of your Uncle Dudley's driving?" he asked, grinning, as he noted that I was too breathless to speak.

"Simply glorious," I gasped. "What are we stopping for? I could go on forever."

"Thoughtless child," he retorted. "The poor chauffeur has to stop once in a while for a little refreshment. Come on in. This is the famous or infamous, as you

will, McCafferty's roadhouse!" He laughed wickedly.

The name meant nothing to me. But roadhouses had always been pictured in my mind's eye as sort of glorified saloons, tumble-down shacks. The pretentious place which Archie dubbed "McCafferty's Roadhouse" looked like the summer residence of a billionaire. I noticed several other cars parked about the grounds, however, and over the door in inconspicuous letters was the name "The Antiers."

I didn't know just how to act when Archie jumped out of the car and marched towards [Turn to page 96]

That night I surveyed myself in the mirror. I, too, had neck and shoulders that were lovely.

*The Amazing Revelation
of a Great Actress
Whose Suffering
Has Been
Endured
in
Silence.*



Why Do I Play Character Parts?

Here is My Answer!

PEOPLE often ask me why I confine myself to playing character parts on the stage. Why, they always ask, the haughty grande dames, tearful mothers, comic servants, and negro mammies? Then they kindly go on to say that my face is young enough for me to play ingenues, and that my figure has a trimness and suppleness ideal in a leading lady.

They wonder why I am contented with less salary and less prestige as a character woman.

And always I give the same answer—that I am interested in the variety of rôles that character work brings me. I say that leading rôles are usually hewn from the same block and that an ingenue or a leading lady only plays herself; that she depends more upon personality and appearance than upon technique and talent.

But to my friends, to those in whom I really wish to confide, I say nothing. I merely unbutton the high-collared blouse I always wear—or scarf of tulle when a part requires evening costume—and let them see what lies underneath.

After that they do not bother me with further questions.

They understand.

For you see, my neck and breast are so horribly, loathsomely scarred, both front and back, that I can never wear a décolleté dress.

That is why I must continue to do characters. And how those scars came to be I am going to tell you here.

I think that I must always have been stage-struck. Just beyond babyhood, I invented juvenile dramas

for my dolls, gesticulated and grimaced before a mirror.

Later I took a prominent part in Sunday and grammar school entertainments—tableaux, dialogues, and little operettas. Although I realize now how awkward and amateurish I must have been, I must have possessed some talent even then, for I was always singled out from the others for special praise.

From the moment that I first saw a professional performance—it was a one-night stand troupe playing "The Devil's Auction" at the Opera House, I remember—I was determined to go on the stage myself. My day-dreams were never of a tatty prince lover, a home and babies. They always pictured the glamour of a spotlight beating down upon me, and the flutter of approving hand-claps swelling to applause.

My family were staunch Methodists, and would have died rather than seen me become an actress. They thought that my passion was merely an adolescent fancy I would soon outgrow.

I did not. The stage complex grew with me. I lived only to take part in amateur theatricals which I fondly imagined were stepping stones to Broadway and triumph.

Boys meant nothing to me, except as people to play scenes with. Although we often engaged in love scenes, severely tempered and censored by the Sunday school superintendent, I forgot all about them as soon as my make-up was off.

I WAS eighteen when my aunt from New York visited us and suggested that I attend a dramatic school.

I realize now that it was not because she appreciated my talent or wanted to help me. She cherished some kind of a grudge against my father over the division of my grandmother's estate. Since she shrewdly guessed how much my career would pain him, she encouraged me with words, and what was more important, with promises of financial assistance.

I was wilful and obstinate, I guess. Ambition blinded me to everyone except myself. The upshot of many stormy scenes was that I went back to New York with my aunt and without a parental blessing.

I believed that my mother and father would recover from their disappointment. In a few years when I was famous, they would be glad to be proud of me, and would regret that they had ever tried to put obstacles in my way to glory.

Unfortunately, before I could send home a program with my name on it, both of my parents were dead.

At the dramatic school I studied very hard. I took lessons in diction and deportment, singing and dancing. I lived at the theater, watching successful actresses digesting their tricks and methods.

My instructors assured me that I had talent and temperament.

They said a rosy future beckoned before me.

I was so taken up by my work and hopes that the death of my parents had little effect upon me. Nor was I disturbed over the fact that my father's estate came to less than a thousand dollars. I was so confident that I would be earning incredible salaries that I promptly invested my entire inheritance in clothes so as to appear more attractive to the managers.

Shortly after that my aunt withdrew her patronage. She became

In her hand something glittered . . . What she could not have, she would not let anyone else have!



interested in something else, and squandered her money upon it instead of me.

But even then I did not care. Wasn't I on the threshold of achievement? I was to have a part—a big part—in the dramatic school's annual series of matinées at a Broadway theater.

I dreamed that all the important managers would be present, and that they would be delighted with my performance and smother me with contracts.

I was so sure that I would be good that I was very had indeed. Nevertheless I did receive an offer—not because of my technique, I later discovered, but because of my figure.

It was not an important part, only a maid with a few insignificant lines in a bedroom farce. But swallowing my disappointment over not being implored to co-star with John Barrymore, I accepted it.

It meant that I was no longer an amateur, and had become a professional actress. It also meant that I was to receive thirty-five dollars a week—and that I needed badly.

For three weeks we tried the piece out on the road, but the notice was posted after the New York opening that we would close in two weeks. Salaries for the last

two weeks failed to materialize, and since there was no Equity then, we were obliged to grin and bear it.

For the next two months I haunted offices and grew so accustomed to rebuffs that I could read "Nothing today" in the eyes of an agent before he spoke.

I lived at a club for actresses where the rates were low and one was allowed to go into generous arrears. But I had exceeded these before I managed to obtain another small part—at twenty-five dollars a week this time.

This second venture was more fortunate. We ran for five weeks on the road and twelve in New York, although towards the last my salary was cut a third.

I was allowed to understudy the leading lady. It did not increase my salary and she was discouragingly healthy and reliable, but it was food for my vanity.

SUCH was my life for the next two years. I managed to secure a few minor rôles in moderate successes and out-and-out failures. Between engagements I made thin ends meet by being a super at the opera, by walking on for a dollar a performance in pretentious productions that required extras as atmosphere, by being part of the mob at motion picture studios, by ushering, by addressing envelopes, or even by acting as a cloak model.



I flung myself across his knees, shielding him . . . The glittering thing flashed in the air.

The clothes I had bought with my inheritance kept me trim and attractive. Otherwise I should have had to go hungry to clothe myself. An actress out of a job understands that rouge on the lips is often more important than food in the stomach.

I did have offers to go out with repertoire shows, Chautauqua companies, and vaudeville sketches, but I turned them down haughtily. I had no desire to bury myself on the road and leave the Broadway coast clear to other young actresses.

But my resolution faded with my fraying wardrobe and more frayed nerves. In the end I sought Chautauqua and vaudeville engagements and, now that I wanted them, I could not get them.

At last luck broke, and one of the lesser agents sent me as tentative to a fourth-rate stock company in a manufacturing town. The salary was ridiculously small, but to poverty-stricken me it looked like a million dollars.

I told my acquaintances that I was only doing stock for the sake of experience. Actually I was doing it because nowhere else did there appear to be any hope.

FAYVILLE was the name of the town, a grating place of sooty stacks, cut-rate shops, and dreary houses. The theater was a ludicrous affair, an old skating rink, long and narrow, and sheathed inside and out with calcimined tin.

But I had little time to waste upon my surroundings. Each week we did a new play; as an inducement I seldom had less than thirty "sides"—or scenes or manuscript—and often as many as sixty. After four rehearsals we had to be practically letter-perfect in the forthcoming production.

Each day we rehearsed from ten till one, played a matinee and a night performance, and the time between was taken up by study and improvising old dresses into new ones.

I had never imagined such gruelling work was possible. Now, years of stock have made me a good study; I memorize by pages, and have all the business stored away in my brain. Then it seemed appalling drudgery.

YET I, I was working; I was being applauded, and applause is sweet in the ears of a young actress.

I had always heard of professional jealousy, but the people in the company were very kind to me. They realized that I was a novice, and went out of their way to help me. They were stolid, hard-working folk, lacking all the glamour that is usually ascribed to the theater.

That is, all except the leading man—and he rose head and shoulders above his environment. His name was Gareth Garivel and he had acted more than once on Broadway.

I wondered why he had not stayed there. He was big and handsome and had a delicious voice, sympathetic and musical. The matinée girls swamped the stage alley

after every performance. They wrote silly letters begging for locks of his curly brown hair.

"I'd be bald in a week," he used to laugh. "Besides, someone might take a microscope to it and find I was born blond—then my reputation would be gone."

"You don't dye your hair?" I was rudely curious, everything was so delightfully new to me.

"Sure," he admitted with the boyish frankness which was one of his chief charms. "And have a permanent wave put in it every six weeks. A leading man with gray streaks would get as many jobs as an armless chauffeur."

As the leading lady was married to the director and the character woman was engrossed in Christian Science and two sons at college, Gareth Garivel lavished all his attention upon me.

AFTER the performance we often dined together in a Greek restaurant, and Friday, our one free morning, we would go shopping or take long walks together on the fringe of the town. His conversation, his past experiences and views upon acting and actors, enthralled me.

It never occurred to me that I was interested in the man as much as the actor, until I learned that he was married. Even then I was at a loss to account for the strange pang that twinged through me, the inexplicable aching, as if I had just heard bad news.

"Miss Ferris said you were married," I said to him at supper one evening. Miss Ferris was the leading lady.

His handsome face darkened.

"I hope she hasn't been spilling that dirt to cash customers. A married leading man is as badly off as a little Eva whose grandchildren sit in the front row—and I'm not married, present tense."

"No?" I urged him,

scarcely conscious of my tense interest.

"No; I haven't lived with my wife, or seen her for three years. That's one reason why I stay out of New York."

He leaned forward eagerly as if he were glad to have someone in whom he could confide. "Our marriage was all a mistake from the beginning. We were on a 'reptile' tent show and I guess loneliness and propinquity turned the trick. A man can't go on living alone altogether—especially if he's an actor and cut off from the normal world. But she didn't understand me and we were wretched."

"You're divorced?" I asked eagerly.

He shook his head.

"She won't let me get one; she thinks freedom might make me happy. Jacqueline doesn't like other people being happy or successful. We split because I was making more progress than she was. She insisted upon always being my leading lady and she wasn't good enough. We could only get joint engagements with the poorest shows—and she blamed me for it, not herself."

That Kind!
HOW many times have those
words been spat like poison
darts directed at a girl!

Suppose they were unjustly sent
at You? What would you do?

Read the beginning of this grip-
ping two-part story of life in the
April SMART SET.

Jacqueline



I could well believe she was a striking woman. But the mouth and eyes were discontented, vindictive, even in the photograph.

I couldn't act, I was so damnably unhappy. I had to leave her."

His boyish face was so miserable that I believed every word that he said, and felt him justified. At that time I considered art and temperament paramount to everything—even marriage vows.

"Was she very beautiful?" Unconscious jealousy tinged my question.

He pursed his lips negatively.

"Um-um—but she had the loveliest neck and shoulders I have ever seen, like a Greek statue."

That night, as I took my bath, I surveyed myself in the mirror. I, too, had neck and shoulders that were lovely.

OUR next bill was "A Fool There Was," and as the leading lady played the showy and actress-proof part of the vampire, I was cast as the wife—as Gareth Garivel's wife.

It was the first time that I had played opposite him in love-scenes and I was satisfied and excited; and not just because it was the most important rôle that I had yet attempted.

Somehow he seemed to make the stage embraces more realistic than was absolutely necessary; he prolonged them, put more ardor than imitation into the kisses. But I did not reprove him, did not even desire to do so.

Actually, I was just as much infatuated with Gareth Garivel as the most marshmallow-brained matinée girl.

And I had more right to be infatuated, for the matinée girls merely knew him as the heroes he portrayed, while I fancied that I had penetrated to the real man underneath—the whimsical, lovable, temperamental Pierrot to whom art came before everything, even love.

Perhaps, with the vanity of every woman, my subconscious self planned to be the one woman who would take precedence over art.

I remember that I almost forgot my lines at the first performance. When the smooth cloth of his sleeves brushed my neck, when the pungent smell of his grease-paint reached my nostrils, when he spoke endearing phrases with a tone that could not all have been acting, the blaze of the footlights and the eager faces beyond became blurred.

That night in my room I could not concentrate on the next week's script. Something [Turn to page 80]

The Flapper is the Homely

BY MRS. JEAN NASH

I COULD not criticize the "flapper" or the American woman.

Nothing on earth is quite so stupid as the man or woman who stands in judgment over the methods and morals of fellow mortals.

However, I can give you a few impressions gathered during my short visit here concerning the difference between the smart American and the Parisienne of the *beau monde*.

America is a perfect garden of absolutely beautiful girls. On the other hand, the beautiful matron is conspicuously rare.

We see very few beautiful young girls in Paris, London, Rome. There, maturity is reached before real beauty is developed.

Beauty is as delicate as a hot-house flower. It is a thing to be cherished and prized with the greatest care. I do not think the American girl appreciates this. I have been astounded by the immense quantities of cocktails and highballs young girls consume at the gayeties of New York's smart set.

Why do they do it?

Beauty is only skin deep—so is ugliness.

I do not believe that the young American girl is the moral monster manufactured by certain fiction writers. Considering her youth and loveliness in cabarets, dissipating her emotions in "necking parties," outraging her natural feminine instinct by participating in questionable games.

No, that I cannot believe. Yet, I have discovered that the American girl is apt to assume a pose of being wiser than she is. The French young woman is much wiser than she appears to be.

Speed seems to be the watch-word in America. No time for leisure. No time to develop charm.

Fatigue is submerged in a cocktail; more fatigue in more cocktails. Dull eyes sparkle glassily. Cupidbow lips whiten—are rouged and coarsened. Cigarettes are smoked incessantly to calm nerves over-stimulated by alcohol.

ALWAYS the American girl seeks—not the easiest way—but the shortest cut.

And the older young woman? When her incessantly restless energy shows too plainly on her features, does she rest up at some quiet resort? No; the specialist in plastic surgery is sought out and commanded impatiently:

"Please, quickly, manufacture me a new face. Cut out the lines, stitch up the sagging muscles. Torture me if you must, but turn me out new in short order. I must be back on the merry-go-round next week."

TO THE dashing, daring American flapper, Mrs. Nash sounds a note of warning.

"From time immemorial," she writes, "young men have selected 'jazz' girls as the companions of the cabaret. But it has always been toward the sweet demure girls that the worthwhile ones have turned for life partners in the end."

In other words, the quiet, homelier sister gets the matrimonial plums!

In Paris there are no "plastic surgeons." The French woman, lacking the beauty of the American girl, carefully preserves what she has, and enhances it by every means in her power. Above all, she emphasizes her femininity.

The Parisienne is not a "pal" to men. She is essentially feminine. In every woman there is just a little bit of the masculine, and in every man just a little of the feminine. But it is not the masculine in the woman nor the feminine in the man which is really attractive to the opposite sex. It is completeness which we are all seeking—hence, it would seem to me, the "pal" attitude is an unnatural one.

The American girl does not seem to fully appreciate herself. From the moment of her debut

into the social whirlpool, her life is one continuous, frenzied, turmoil. She stampedes through one function after another, never pausing to take stock of her charms. The rather pert, seemingly self-satisfied, overbearing, gallivanting society bud isn't the real girl at all—she is a masquerader, who isn't at all sure of herself. Her cap and bells are hastily donned to save time in bringing her own self to the surface.

THERE is nothing seriously wrong with the American girl. If she possessed as much charm as she does beauty, she would leave all others far in the background.

As it is, she leaves no permanent impression behind her—only a litter of emotion and a great waste of energy.

The reason this dashing, daring American girl gives for drinking, flirting, and dissipating generally is, I think, an amusingly naive one: "The men expect it."

Is this alleged reason a delusion, or an alibi? I wonder.

From time immemorial young men have selected "jazz" girls as the companions for café and cabaret revels. But, emerging from the calf age, it has always been toward the sweet, demure girls of their own set that the worthwhile ones have turned for life partners in the end.

And the "jazz" girls weren't even mentioned in the sacred precincts of the family circle.

Surely these razz-dazzle young débutantes are not seeking to replace these poor light little night moths!

If they are, then their quiet homelier sister debs may rejoice, for to them will fall the matrimonial plums.

For whether it is in Europe or in America, masculine nature does not change in one generation. As before, it will be in the home, not in the cabaret, that the young stags will seriously a-wooing go.

Girl's Best Friend

*Here Is a Startling
Message to the
American Girl*

*from a
Woman
Known
on Two
Continents
as the
"Best
Dressed
and
Most
Fasci-
nating
Woman
in
Europe."*



Mrs. Jean Nash
wearing her fa-
mous jewels.

For Five Years I Have Been Asking Myself

How Long Shall I Wait?

*The Big
Problem
of One
Girl's Life.
What Is
Yours?*



Fifty dollars a week! I was thinking the two of us could live on that, but I didn't say so.

I AM confronted with a problem which has puzzled me so much, that the more I think of it the more paralyzed I become, until I just don't know what to do. And yet I must decide it.

The whole thing is complicated by the fact that it is not merely a matter of deciding what I want to do—that surely would be hard enough in the circumstances. It is partly a question of what is the right thing to do. You see, I don't want to be unfair to Bruce. But on the other hand, will Bruce be fair with me? Has he been fair with me? If I try to be faithful and fair to Bruce, and he should fail me in the end, I may by that very course be unfair to Doctor Howard.

Now if you were a girl of twenty-seven, marooned in a small town after your sweetheart had gone away to the city in search of big opportunities, promising to come back and marry you as soon as circumstances permitted, and you had promised him that you would wait for him—how long would you wait? How long would he be justified in expecting you to wait? Would you wait more than five years? Would he have a right to expect you to wait more than five years? Does a man's love last that long—in absence? Would you think if a man had failed to keep his promise in five years, that perhaps it was because he had lost interest—or because some other girl had changed his mind?

You see, there are so many opportunities in the city—well, you know what I mean, so many girls. In a country town there is almost nobody, almost nothing to do but to wait. And some poor women just do that all their lives, like Aunt Martha.

BRUCE says in his letters that the time goes by so fast. I suppose he is busy, and things are always happening, and life in the city must be so interesting. I suppose his letters don't seem so far apart—to him. Anyway, Bruce said last summer that he could hardly believe that it was five years ago that he left Cedarville.

But five years of waiting—waiting, in a little country town—oh, it has seemed so long. And all the time I have gone on looking forward to only a few more months of it, always telling myself that perhaps by Christmas, or perhaps by Easter, or sometime in June, or in the fall, Bruce will be ready and will come back to get me. And so another year would go by, and another. I would say to myself that surely this could not go on indefinitely, for surely Bruce would soon be earning enough money—and we don't need much anyway. Five years! Some people say that life is short, but I know what a long, long time five years is.

I have been faithful to Bruce Briggs—as I promised. To be faithful was one of my ideals. I will never forget our walk that last evening, five years ago, down the road beyond the school-house, where the birches glowed in the moonlight. We finally came back and stood at my gate in the shadow of our big old elm.

There we promised to wait for each other. I remember Bruce said that he could not bear to go, but that there was no chance for an ambitious young fellow in this town. All the good men went to the city, pretty nearly.

Big Problems

THIS is one girl's problem.

What is yours?

Has some big question been bothering you?

Write us about it. We will pay fifty dollars for every PROBLEM STORY accepted for publication

I was the only reason he had not gone sooner. Now he was going partly on my account; he was going to make good—for me. He would come back and get me.

I told Bruce that I would wait for him, no matter how long, that I would still be here when he came back for me. And here I still am.

Now one or two new elements have entered into the situation—and one of these is my pride. I am beginning to wonder if I am faithful or foolish. Five years. Am I making a fool of myself? After awhile people here may point me out with pity, and say, "Poor Constance!"

They may say, "The poor thing waited for him, but—"



"I wrote him we were through," she said. Then she cried—I have never seen any girl cry like that.



This may be my only opportunity to marry a man of the right kind . . . If I were only sure Bruce would not fail me!

Well, I could not bear that. There's poor Aunt Martha. That's what they say about her. Of course I never could say it to her face. Aunt Martha holds her head high, in her own beautiful, serene way. She pretends she is perfectly happy and declares that she has everything she wants, and everything just as she wants it. She says she would not change places with anybody in the world, and least of all with some of the married women she knows. Well, there may be something in that. But everybody in town knows that Aunt Martha's heart promised to come back, that she said she would wait. And she is still waiting.

Of course, Aunt Martha and I live together. The reason I could not think of going to the city when Bruce had was because I had Father to take care of. Since Father passed away three years ago, Aunt Martha and I have shared the housekeeping in the little old cottage that has always been home to me. Aunt Martha takes

care of her nice little millinery business, while I have gone on teaching school, and helping in the shop on off hours, Saturdays and vacations. We have been reasonably comfortable. For that matter, we could go on for years the same way.

But why does Aunt Martha discourage any further waiting on my part, if she is so perfectly satisfied? Does she want me not to miss what she has missed?

"You can never tell about these city girls, my dear," says Aunt Martha.

That is obviously her own bitter experience. She says that even the best of men may get lonesome during a period of five years, and that a girl can make a fool out of any man if she wants to. I guess I am like her—I would never want to.

But Aunt Martha says—and this is the point—that a man has no right to keep a woman waiting an unreasonable length of time. A case of [Turn to page 102]

Making the World Smile

NORMA SHEARER, in her
new picture, "Excuse Me."

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston



***E**NA GREGORY has scored a big
laugh in "Accidental Accidents,"
her latest comedy picture.*



*EDNA MURPHY is gaining new
honors in the serial, "Into the
Net," written by Police Commissioner
Enright of New York City.*




ALICE DAY makes a wonderfully amusing sweetheart in her new picture, "The Plumber."



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With a sob she sprang into my arms. "I knew you'd come!" she quavered.

*Flowers
Were
Growing*

Where Shell-Holes Had Been

*The Final Chapter of the
Story May I Come to You?*

WHEN I emerged into the early morning darkness, the wind sent the snow stinging against my cheeks. For the first time in my life, I believe, I knew what real fear meant. More than just danger awaited my little "gypsy" up at the camp if this snow kept on. It might even mean death!

Men who work hard, sleep hard. I seemed to be the only soul awake in Crystalltown, as I strode through the snow, still lying soft and light, to the house of the Mill superintendent. I pounded up the porch steps making all the noise I could. But I had rung and knocked at the door for two or three minutes—that seemed like half an hour—before Sam Nichols, in nightshirt and trousers, let me and the wind into the hall.

Ten words between us were enough. Nichols rushed to the phone, and tried to get Tracy up at the camp.

Again and again he called, without receiving an answer. There was no further doubt of what had happened. Somewhere between us and Hulbert, the wires were down.

Things went quickly after that.

BEFORE you would have believed it possible, three great Shay engines were coupled together, with a tall snow-plough ahead. Their immense combined strength could push up the steep mountain grades, with five flat cars and caboose behind.

Fuel and food for the train gang and ten volunteer helpers, including myself, were put on board, and a snow shovel apiece for us men. Though our journey up might be prolonged for days, according to the drifts, once we succeeded in bringing the train to the camp, we



We were all very happy, and Gypsy's face was a joy to all . . . so completely did she throw herself into the fun.

be time to think, and I wouldn't be disturbed by the good-natured talk of those fellows back in the hot caboose.

Most all that day and night, and the next day and night, we struggled and stormed up the grades which, when free of snow, we should have made in a few hours. The men took turns at the engines, for the firemen were experienced drivers too. Sometimes the plough stuck, and it seemed as if we could never push through the piled drifts. But we would back and charge, back and charge again, and at last win. The engines were kept crawling, but often

it was a caterpillar crawl.

ON THE morning of the third day, we came in sight of the camp—just the roofs of the shacks showing above the snow. But a cheer answered our whistle of engines, and we saw that the men had shoveled a path on the side least exposed to the wind. They had climbed a big bank of snow piled up by their shovels, to see us push through the last drifts that separated them from rescue. With them were two women: Mrs. Tracy—and my little "Rachel," of course. When a yell of joyous welcome rang out, I recognized the clear tones of Gypsy soaring above the heavy voices of men.

"Thank God!" I said to myself, "the little girl is all right!"

It took some more lively shoveling on our part, combined with the campers' work, before we could reach them. When we did, I forgot even to shake hands with Tracy. I went straight for my "Gypsy Sweetheart," and with a sob she sprang into my arms.

"I knew you'd come!" she quavered, with a few tears running down her face, but not because she'd turned coward. Rachel could never do that under any test, but just because her high-keyed nerves twanged a bit in the reaction after a long strain.

"Of course I'd come!" I blustered, as if I weren't feeling that reaction too. "Didn't I send you up here for a rest? Isn't all you've suffered my fault?"

"Indeed, I'm glad I came, and I haven't suffered!" she assured me, breathless to get the words out. "It's been a wonderful experience. I wouldn't have missed it for the world, now it's over! Everyone's been so brave and splendid, saying it would soon be all right. It

would come down in a few hours, if nothing happened.

Nothing was said by any of us about the chance of our being caught in the snow, unable to escape ourselves or save the camp dwellers. But we all knew, of course, that it was on the cards. It was best not to think about it; that was all.

It was still snowing thickly when we started, and the wind was wild enough for a blizzard. A strong man was needed to ride on the plough ahead of the three engines. I was pretty tough, and my excitement was like a furnace inside me. I was so keen to reach Camp and find the little girl I'd sent up there, that I felt the one place to satisfy my restlessness was a seat on that plough. There my job would be to watch the drifts ahead, look out for the telephone wires to see where they were down, and signal to the men in the leading engine. But there'd

was only at first I was just a *little* afraid. You can't think how weird it was! Before the sudden storm began, late that afternoon—it seems a month ago!—there fell the strangest stillness. You could *hear* it."

"I know," I said. "I heard that kind of stillness at the front after the Armistice."

As the snow was still falling, more heavily that morning than the night before, we wanted to be on our way before the tracks would be covered with a new load of snow

WHAT a difference in time, going down! It was almost unbelievable. After those seemingly endless days and nights, toiling painfully up, hoping against hope, we were down in not quite twice the time the logging train took in normal weather.

Our whistle told the news, and all Crystal-town was out to meet us. You would have thought we were a party of explorers back from the quest from the North Pole, after a season of being ice-bound. We were all heroes, the lot of us, and Nora Tracy and Rachel Brown were queen and princess.

Mrs. Myron, my landlady, begged the girl to stay that night and share her room. Gypsy didn't wish to, but hating as she did to hurt people's feelings, she finally consented.

When she heard, however, that a dance was being got up in honor of the rescue, she was only too pleased at the prospect of a night in Crystaltown. She and I had never had a dance together.

We had one that evening, and not only one, but all the dances there were, except three or four she gave to some of the other rescuers.

The great affair was at Molly Myron's. The dining room was cleared, the linoleum waxed, and an orchestra volunteered by an amateur jazz band among the saw-mill men. It was the worst band in the world, but what did we care? Molly and her little servant, Gussie, frantically cut sandwiches and baked cake, Molly using the famous "rough side" of her tongue if anything went wrong. The only official drink was coffee, but before the evening ended there may have been others!

ALL of us were very happy, and Gypsy's face was a joy to see, so completely did she throw herself into the spirit of the night. She was a great little dancer, light as the proverbial feather, and seemed to float in my arms. We paid each other a lot of compliments, and she proposed that we try some fancy steps to see what we could do together; but I vetoed that. I wouldn't let the girl make herself conspicuous with me, before the queer crowd assembled there.

The next day Gypsy went back to her apartment in Reno.

She invited me to dine with her that night.

That was a wonderful evening, the best we'd ever had, except that my divorce would be coming on in a few days—and after the business was settled there was nothing to keep me in Reno. Nothing except Gypsy's presence there!



"He threatened to kill himself if I wouldn't—love him . . . Oh, you can guess the rest, can't you?"

After my days of anxiety for the girl marooned up in Camp Hulbert, I realized how much I was going to miss her out of my life, and how hard it would be to say good-by. All the same, what I knew I was bound to suffer in parting didn't change my resolve to go as soon as I could. I was very fond of Gypsy, fonder than I had ever been of any girl up to that time. The tenderness I felt for her, the gratitude I owed and gave her for her never failing sympathy, was far sweeter than any passion I had ever known. Though I had spoken to her of marriage the night of our row with Miss Woollen, I had heard her say decidedly that she didn't want to marry me or anyone else.

Many other girls might have said the same thing, expecting to be asked again. But Gypsy was different. She was unlike anybody I'd ever known, and I felt that she had meant every one of her words. Certainly if I'd had a wild passion for the girl, instead of deep affection, I wouldn't have taken that answer. I'd have swept her "no" away like a cobweb, and laughed at all her mysterious reasons.

BUT there it was! The deep passion was lacking. I hated the thought of being without my little sweetheart of the West, but the thought of being with her throughout life didn't fire me. The East was my "native heath," and it called me. I would have to go; and

though I wanted to go, I would be sad because going meant good-by to Gypsy.

Perhaps the same thought was in her heart. But as if by common consent, neither of us referred to the subject that night. We talked of Gypsy's adventures in camp, mine in getting there, and the dance at Crystaltown, when we seemed to have "found" each other in a new way.

Dear little Gypsy!

I jumped on board the stage each evening after that for a few hours with her. And when I received word from my attorney, Mr. Hammerton, [Turn to page 88]



"Haven't you a word to say to me, after all this time?" asked my wife . . . Fanny was always the martyr!



"You bring the coin," she said, "but what about the companionship?"

Nothing But a Provider

Another Story of Marriage and Success

RIGHT off, I wish to say that marriage is the first great milestone on the road to Success. And the wife is not at my elbow as I say it.

I have lived according to every Hoyle of Success, and know the A to Z of it. I have followed in the footsteps of the great, worked my fingers till you could see the bone without an X-Ray, stuck like Major's cement to one line of work, and have done everything else the wise ones tell.

But it was all bunk. I could no more get a grip on Success than I could on a greased pole. It was only by accident that I stumbled on the real dope. That was when I met the woman known as Sue. One look into her eyes, and the dizzy world stopped spinning on its axis. I saw the writing on the wall, and lo! it was a marriage license.

She, too, was strangely affected. She almost swooned away in a dead faint. I'm not much on looks, but even those who owe me money say that I have personality. Anyway, we wanted to get married.

Now, it isn't up to me to tell just how much income a couple should have to get properly married on. If I did, the Ladies Auxiliaries all over the country would

not have anything to discuss every Tuesday evening. Anyhow, you can bow down to this: eighteen dollars a week is absolutely not enough for a civilized couple to live on till death do them part. But perhaps people who are madly in love are not civilized.

Well, all I was earning was eighteen per, but we were married. We went through it nobly. The lady known as Sue lied, saying she did not much care to have a real diamond ring. And when the minister kissed the bride, I wasn't mad a bit. "Let him have the pleasure," I said to myself. "He won't get much in fee."

"No Little Red Riding Hood episode in my young married life," vociferously spoke the Lady Sue, "I shall hold on to my job until Hubby gets a nice, fat increase in salary."

A NICE, fat chance for that. As for advancement, between three hundred and nine hundred clerks were ahead of me and waiting. If I succeeded in that place, it would have been only to the tune of several hundred funeral marches.

Well, we both worked, and saw our little, meagerly-furnished three-room apartment [Turn to page 82]

Now You'll Know

*Theo Was In Love With Tabs,
But She Ran Away and Married
Someone Else. Now She
Wants Tabs to Hear the True
Story of That Strange Night.*

I SHOULD like just one person in all the world to read this—and that person is "Tabs" Biddle. The Biddle is fictitious, but "Tabs" was my nickname for him, mine alone. If by lucky chance his eye should fall upon these pages, he will know who I am and just how it happened that I did what I did five years ago.

And if any young girls should read this and profit by it, so much the better. For their sakes' I will begin at the beginning and tell it all.

I was born and raised in a small town in Pennsylvania. From the time I was fourteen I was Tab's girl. He carried my books home from school and took me to all the high school dances.

Tab was the kind of boy approved of by mothers. He was steady, reliable, and a good student. He went through high school and entered college.

It was when he was in his third year at college that I went to a house party at his fraternity for Junior week.

I remember so vividly every detail of that first evening. It was February and cold. I arrived about five in the afternoon, along with several other girls, all

strangers to me. We were met at the station by an enthusiastic bunch of boys, and escorted up the long hill to the frat house in a jolting bus.

I could see that Tabs was proud of me and I thrilled to the look in his eyes.

The real festivities did not begin till the next day. That first evening we spent in front of a roaring wood fire in the great, luxurious living room of the frat house.

The chaperones, two jolly young married women, wives of professors, were anything but wet blankets to the fun.

I was dancing with Tabs at the far end of the room, when a newcomer entered and was greeted hilariously. He was very good looking and obviously a great favorite. To my inquiry Tabs told me that he was Howard Appleby, a senior, and the wealthiest man in the fraternity.

When he was presented to me I couldn't help wondering whether he held every girl's hand with quite the



Tab was scowling out over the lake.



I felt elated. So he was jealous—good old Tabs!

lingering pressure he gave to mine, and if his eyes held for every one just that degree of admiration which brings a sense of exhilaration to a girl.

THAT night when my roommate and I were making ready for bed, I decided that I had not been especially singled out. My roommate was a taking brunette.

"Oh, boy!" she exclaimed. "Talk about your Greek gods!" She clasped her hands dramatically. "That man Appleby just made the shivers run up and down my back! His eyes—and the way he looks at you!"

It was his way with every girl, I thought, and dismissed the matter.

But the next morning I was obliged to change my mind. There could be no doubt that whatever his mere manner was, he had singled me out for special attention.

There was a skating party on the lake that morning, and he skated with no other girl. For two solid hours

I skated between Tabs and Howard Appleby and enjoyed it hugely. What girl wouldn't! To have the best-looking man in the fraternity, and the wealthiest one as well, her devoted slave! Once my skate strap came loose, and before Tabs could stoop, Howard Appleby was on his knees on the ice adjusting it. His quick hands seemed to caress my ankle. I felt my cheeks warm. I glanced at Tabs. He was biting one gloved finger and scowling out over the lake. I felt elated.

So he was jealous—good old Tabs! It amused me to make him more so.

That night at the Junior play, Howard came to our box and somehow managed to get a seat directly behind me. To Tabs' annoyance, he talked constantly over my shoulder. I felt his breath upon my cheek, and once, when the lights went out for a moment, I felt his lips on my bare shoulder. I should have been furious but I was only strangely excited.

The next night was the Prom. It was of course the culminating event of Junior week. I had a stunning gown for it—pale green crêpe with beads. As I dressed I had thoughts for no one except Howard. Tabs, who had invited me and to whom I was virtually engaged, never entered my mind. Would Howard think I looked well? That was all I cared about.

AND yet all the time something deep down within me saw truly and whispered a warning. I think even then I really knew that I was merely dazzled momentarily by Howard's flattering attentions—the attentions of the wealthiest and most popular man in the fraternity. Tabs was such an old story. I was so

sure of him that his jealousy only added zest to my flirtation with Howard.

That afternoon at a tea dance at one of the neighboring fraternity houses, Howard had told me that he was not taking any girl to the Prom and that he expected to spend the evening cutting in on my dances.

Tabs sulked during dinner. I was both amused and tremendously pleased. On the way over to the Armory he growled out, "Look here, you've got to cut this out!"

"Cut what out?" I asked, pretending to be surprised.

"You know what—carrying on with Appleby."

I laughed. "Supposing I won't 'cut it out' as you call it?"

"Look here, Theo," he said pleadingly, "you've got to stop, really. There's nothing in it, you know."

"How do you mean—'nothing in it'?" I asked.

"Why, Appleby is just showing off as usual. He always tries to see how crazy another fellow's girl will



get about him. He's done it every Junior week since he was a Freshman. He brags about it."

"A nice way to talk about your fraternity brother!" I said coldly.

"True all the same," Tabs retorted, "and if you can't see through him, the more fool you! He's just trying to get my goat."

"He seems to have succeeded!" I said, furious.

So I was a fool, was I? Howard Appleby was devoting himself to me just to get Tab's goat! And Tabs was so sure of me that he didn't even take the trouble to be nice to me. It was only his pride that was hurt—the other man was cutting him out. Well, I would hurt his pride still more. At that moment I thought I hated Tabs. I'd show him if I was a fool, and above all I'd let him see he couldn't boss me.

By this time we had reached the Armory. It was already a kaleidoscope of gay and glittering colors. At one end was a jazz band; at the other a stringed

"Oh boy!" she exclaimed. "That man Appleby just made the shivers run up and down my back!"... So that was his way with every girl, I thought.

orchestra. The music would be continuous all evening. Excitement went to my head like wine. The recollection of that evening is a golden haze to me now. Howard Appleby was not the only one to cut in on my dances. I was whirled from one to another so rapidly that it was no wonder I felt intoxicated.

One time when Howard cut in he whirled me off to the edge of the crowd and whispered, "Let's get out of this—let's run before anyone else tries to get you!"

We dodged through the moving couples.

"Get your wrap and let's beat it," he added.

How clear and cold the air felt when we got outside. There was no snow on the ground, but the pavement was like ice against the thin soles of my slippers.

"I've got you now all to myself," Howard said, grasping my arm and pulling me rapidly along. "Did you see Wentworth's face as we skooted? He was just coming for you—and your poor old Tabs, as you call him!" He laughed.

"Tabs," I said, "tells me you are rushing me just to get his goat."

Howard grasped my arm fiercely. "He said that?"

"He certainly did. And that

you liked to see how quickly the other fellow's girl would fall for you."

He drew me closer, and I detected for the first time an odor of whisky on his breath. This should have warned me, but I was reckless—intoxicated, myself, with youth and the excitement of my triumphs.

"I believe Tabs was right," I said with a pout, and felt a delicious thrill of fear as he swept me into a burning embrace and covered my face with kisses.

"You do, do you! You do! I'll show you—and him!"

HE HURRIED me along faster than ever. We had left the campus and were on a street lined with stores. It must have been after midnight, for the street was deserted. Howard, bare-headed, in evening clothes, and his overcoat flapping [Turn to page 107]

"Listen, Theo darling! You're going to marry me—tonight—in one hour. Do you hear?"



It Was Really Only

A Kiss By Proxy

THE trouble in my married life began before I was married. When I fell in love with the daughter of my employer—and she fell in love with me—that seemed all that was necessary. But it wasn't. Marjorie's father didn't like it a bit.

In his effort to convince Marjorie that I wasn't the man for her, he told her stories about my bachelor life absurdly untrue. Mr. Baxter made me out a regular Don Juan, a very devil among women.

Up to a certain point women like men who have been a bit dangerous, and though Marjorie was shocked, it probably made her concentrate on me more than she would have otherwise. All women like to play the rôle of saviors, and Marjorie might have looked upon me as a brand to be saved from the burning.

I was madly in love with her. Never had I wanted to hold a girl in my arms as I longed to hold her.

Then one day she came into the office in the evening to call for her father. It was in the fall and her cheeks glowed with the sting of the cold wind; she was vibrant, full of life. As she passed me, the cool spirit of the out-of-doors she brought with her mingled with the delicate perfume she used. Her motor coat brushed against me—and then the door of her father's office closed behind her.

Lord, how I wanted to kiss her at that moment—and just then Mr. Baxter's pretty stenographer, who had stayed later than the others, and who had been watching me and seemed to understand my feelings, stood by my desk and smiled at me in the most tantalizing way. It was as if she said, "Wouldn't I do as well?"

Before I quite knew how it happened, I jumped from my chair, took her in my arms and kissed her.

No, I did not kiss *her*. I kissed her lips, but they were Marjorie's lips by proxy. The girl was still in my arms when Marjorie and her father came from his office.

IT WAS a catastrophe—an experience difficult to relate. I stood there looking silly and my knees seemed to give way from under me. The stenographer burst into tears and for some reason turned to Marjorie for consolation.

"Oh, Miss Baxter, I can't imagine how Mr. Rutledge



When Marjorie came through from her father's

ever did that. He has always acted like a gentleman, and I've never given him any reason to think I was that kind of girl."

"I can't possibly see what Mr. Rutledge does concerns me," Marjorie answered her coldly. "Come, Father."

"And that's the man you thought you wanted to marry," I heard Mr. Baxter say as they left the office.

When they had gone the stenographer turned on me with, "Think you're smart, don't you. Well, you've cost me my job and lost out yourself on marrying a rich girl. What did I ever do to make you think I wanted your old kisses?"

With her face all smeared with tears she didn't look very kissable now, so I told her she needn't worry about losing her job. As a matter of fact, I was sure it would make Mr. Baxter take more interest in her, despite his

*Sometimes it is a
Dangerous Thing
to Follow an Im-
pulse, But I Didn't
Think of That—at
Least Not Then!*



office . . . the girl was still in my arms.

moralizing about me. Inasmuch as she was not discharged, but soon got an increase in salary, I was right.

As for me, I gathered my own belongings, left a note of resignation for Mr. Baxter to find in the morning, and left Cincinnati for Buffalo.

But that was not the end of my affair with Marjorie. Naturally I thought it was, though it hurt me deeply. I was more in love with her than ever, but like every man I tried to recover from one love affair by entering into another.

It was hardly a personal contact love affair; it was more of a flirtation by mail. I started a correspondence with a girl named Blanche, who had been one of my earlier flames. Writing to Blanche seemed to make things easier, and because she was far away I suppose I did let myself become sentimental. Yet I never led

her to believe anything would come of it.

Then I sent a post card to Marjorie. To my utter delight she wrote me a brief note acknowledging it. I wrote her a letter and she wrote me in return. Our letters became warmer and warmer, and now that I was established in Buffalo, making more money than I ever had and fully able to take care of a wife, I asked her to marry me.

She consented and I was happy beyond words.

We knew we would have to marry without her father's consent, so I went back to Cincinnati, met Marjorie, and inside of an hour we were married.

Before leaving Buffalo, I wrote to Blanche that I was about to be married and that our correspondence must close. Then I forgot all about her.

Marjorie and I had a glorious honeymoon. But more than once she playfully warned me that now I was married I would have to be good. For despite all I could do to dispel her idea about my past behavior, she still clung to the belief that I had been a wild one.

"Oh, I know how men are before they are married," she insisted. "They take whatever comes along. Just look at the free and easy way you kissed the stenographer in

Papa's office. Why, the way you kissed that one girl showed that you must have done it before."

"Honest, Margie," I insisted, "it was you I was kissing by proxy."

"That's all right," she said. "But I want my kissing first hand." So I kissed her.

THE first day we returned to Buffalo I went to the office, and when I reached home that night, there in my mail box was a familiar lavender-tinted envelope—from Blanche.

I opened it quickly in the lower hall and read it.

"Dear Jim," it began, "I don't care if you are going to be married. That need have nothing to do with our beautiful friendship. Marriage need not spoil that, you know. Of course I'll not stop writing to you—"

There was a lot more to the same effect, and it was signed, "Always affectionately your friend, Blanche."

Well, I nearly sank through the floor. I felt mighty lucky to have found the letter myself. Then noticing that my fingers were sticky, I discovered some wet mucilage on the envelope; I knew then that Marjorie had opened and read the letter.

At dinner Marjorie tried to be pleasant and unconcerned, but it was plain that something weighed on her mind. So after dinner I drew Blanche's letter from my pocket and tossed it over to her.

She read it over as if she had never seen it before, and she waited a long while before speaking.

Finally she said, "This is a fine thing for a young bride to find at the very beginning of her married life."

"But Blanche was never more than a good friend," I insisted.

"How absurd!" she answered. "This letter shows that she must have expected to marry you herself. Perhaps it's too bad you didn't. She's certainly welcome to you. I don't want any other woman's leavings. First that bold-looking stenographer in Papa's office and now this person who seems to have such a hold on you."

It took me all evening to get Marjorie in any sort of amiable mood, but there was no doubt of her passionate

love for me, which was a greater influence for good than her shaken faith in me.

STILL the idea seemed to be so firmly fixed in her mind that I was not only availing myself of opportunities to be unfaithful to my marriage vows, but was even trying to make opportunities, that she became suspicious of every thing I said or did.

She began questioning me about the different people in my office, particularly the girls. Did they all have bobbed hair? Did they all wear skirts a foot or more from the ground? Did they roll their stockings and show the dimples in their knees? Did they make their lips look like red scars?—and things like that.

As far as I could see, the girls in the office were the same as girls everywhere—just normal, average girls, some better looking than others; but none of them beauty-prize winners, and all of them fairly modest.

They never worried me so long as they did their work, which was the thing that interested me—that and nothing else.

I'll admit I was friendly towards them. It is natural for a man who works in an office to get on fairly familiar terms with the people who are associated with him.

One failing I had, however, which might be called



"Didn't you notice the way your whole office glared at me?" she cried. "They looked as if they hated and pitied me at the same time. And the girl who works for you—"

"You never thought a little match-box would give you away, did you? What a liar you are!" . . . Suddenly the life went out of me. Marjorie sent a message to her father, saying she was coming home.



a virtue. Being a newly married man and very excited about my wife and deeply in love with her, I considered her the most beautiful and most wonderful thing to whom God gave the breath of life. Naturally, I wanted everyone to know how wonderful and beautiful she was, and I talked about her every chance I got. I talked about her so much that all the girls, particularly the one who took my dictation, were wild to see Marjorie.

So when she came to the office one evening, everyone took a good look at her. All of this scrutiny was naturally meant to be most complimentary, but when we were having dinner in a rather gay restaurant, with

a lively cabaret, Marjorie seemed on the verge of tears.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked her.

"Didn't you notice the way your whole office force glared and smirked at me?" she cried. "They looked as if they hated and pitied me at the same time. And the girl who works for you—why, she looked after me as we left as if I were some sort of intruder; as if she had some hold on you and resented me."

"Why, my dear girl," I protested, "you have just got it all wrong. Those girls did fairly devour you with their eyes. But they were admiring you and your clothes, your beauty and your style. You [Turn to page 84]

Our Favorite Movie

"The Funniest



By CLARA BOW

THE funniest story I ever heard was told to me by a director, who says he actually had the following experience when he came East last winter to make a picture.

Director X became greatly interested in spiritualism and was seeking someone to attend a séance with him

when he happened upon an old friend named Feldman. He consented to accompany the director, and they were no sooner seated when the famous medium asked Feldman if he desired to talk to any departed spirits.

Feldman confessed he would like to say a few words to his Uncle Pincus, who had recently died in Russia. In less than a minute he distinctly heard a voice call:

"Herman, my dear nephew, do you hear me?"

Feldman answered that he did.

Then the voice continued:

"I have only a few minutes to talk to you. Is there any question you would like to ask me?"

"Yes," Feldman replied, "I would like to know where in hell you learned English!"

By RAYMOND GRIFFITH

IN A motion picture studio out in California a director was getting ready to film a scene where a lion comes into a room and scares away a negro servant. Everything was ready and the director spoke to the negro, who was playing the part. "This is the scene where you are frightened by the lion."

"Who is going to be frightened by what lion?" asked the negro.

"You are, by that lion over there," replied the director.

"Oh, no, I'm not," said the negro.

"Now, don't be afraid," said the director, "that lion is just as tame as can be. In fact, he was raised on a bottle."

"I was raised on a bottle, too, but I eats meat now," commented the negro as he eased out of the studio.

By RITA WEIMAN

WHENEVER I am blue and want to think of something particularly amusing, a favorite story of Charlie Chaplin's comes to mind.

An American and an Englishman were discussing the sort of joke that appeals to the U. S. A. as opposed to



the sense of humor peculiar to Great Britain. The American said, "It's not that we Americans think you Britons lack a sense of humor; it's merely that you don't understand ours. For instance, I could tell you a story that we laugh at and it wouldn't get a smile out of you." The Briton defied him to tell the story. Here it is:

A man walking along the street stopped another going in the opposite direction. "I beg your pardon," he asked, "but do you know the way to the Pennsylvania Station?"

The other man said, "Yes," and walked on. After he had reached the corner he turned and came back saying, "I beg your pardon. That was just my little joke. Do you want to go to the Pennsylvania Station?" Whereupon the first man said, "No," and walked away.

The American finished and waited. After a moment the Englishman said, "Well, I see the point of that. They were bally rude to each other."

By H. M. WARNER

THE traveling repertoire "troupe" had been having a bad season of one-night stands in the South and Southwest and the "ghost" had not walked for several weeks.

The manager was just about at the end of his financial resources. He was just about to disband his weary actors one day when a telegram was brought to him behind the scenes.

The message was from his advance agent and brought the cheerful news that owing to a local celebration, the Opera House in Yazoo City, Mississippi, their next stand, was sold out for their opening performance and that prospects were good for a successful engagement.

Late the next afternoon the tired actors crawled out of the dusty train, and the manager, cheerful at the prospects of the first full house he had seen in months, gazed upon the crimson colored horizon, inhaled a deep breath and exclaimed:

"Just look at that gorgeous sunset. I tell you folks, this is God's own country."

The station-master overheard the manager's raptures and replied:

"Sunset, hell, that's the Opera House burning down!"



Folks Tell Us— Story I Know”



By JOHN
ROBERTSON

TWO men were reading the front page of a daily newspaper. It was filled with a conglomeration of murder, suicide, scandal, etcetera.

One man, pointing to the paper, said:

"Publicity makes strange bedfellows."

The other man answered, saying:

"Not exactly. I would say strange bedfellows make publicity."

* * *

By NORMA
SHEARER

I HAVE always thought the story about a successful politician and the dumb-bell wife amusing. He started at the bottom of the ladder and married a woman who was congenial to him in his youth, but as he advanced he found that he had outgrown her. However, she was a good sort and he appreciated her homemaking accomplishments, so when she complained of feeling sick he invited her to accompany him to French Lick.

On the train he was forced to introduce her to some of his friends. One of the men in the party, wishing to put her at her ease, said:

"Going to French Lick for the week-end?"

"No, for stomach trouble," was her astonishing reply.

* * *

By CAROL DEMPSTER

AN AMUSING story to me is that of the negro woman, very prosperous in flesh, walking along the street in March with a large bundle of washing on her head. She took pride in her dignity, but as she walked along, slipped and fell on a sharp lump of ice, all her freshly laundered clothes falling into the slush. She recovered her bundle, walked up to the offending piece of ice and kicked it lustily, with no effect but upon



her own foot. She stood looking angrily at the ice for a moment. Then starting down the street again, the laundry bundle on her head, she turned with one contemptuous look at the ice and said:

"Yes, you're proud now, but just remember Spring is gonna get you!"



By BARBARA
LA MARR

WHEN I was in Chicago, I called at one of the exchanges to see an old friend of mine. I noticed a placard pasted on the wall: "Do not smoke here; remember the Chicago fire."

An enterprising youth had written below, "Do not spit here; remember the Johnstown flood."

* * *



By LOUELLA
PARSONS

ED WYNN can always get a laugh out of me. I think the story he tells about the artist is as funny as anything I have heard in a long time. Two men called on an artist and asked him if he would paint pictures of ancestors for them. The artist shook his head, saying:

"I am a painter of boats; I cannot paint ancestors."

"Oh, come, come," said one of the men, "you can paint well enough to give us some ancestors."

"All right," said the artist reluctantly, "but I warn you your ancestors will look like boats."



Here Is My Answer

[Continued from page 55]

seemed to be lacking. I felt alone as I had never felt alone before.

At last I fell asleep and dreamed of Gareth Garivel.

The leading lady was jealous of my success. She was doubtless jealous of my progress with Gareth, as well. Since she was the wife of the all-powerful director, she contrived to have my notice included in the contents of my envelope the next Saturday night.

I was heartbroken. My notice meant that after two weeks I would be back in New York, back on the discouraging round of the agencies.

Gareth was indignant.

"The cat! She knows that she's only small-time when you walk on that stage. I've a good mind to force her down-stage with her back to the footlights in every scene I play with her this week. I'll break in on all her laughs. Have you made any plans, child?"

"No," I told him desolately, but his anger over my dismissal warmed me. Two days later he came to my dressing room.

"I'm handing in my notice, too."

"Because of me? Oh, Gareth, don't be foolish." Nevertheless I was delighted.

"This dump isn't getting me anywhere," he said, "and business is slipping. I've wired to a friend of mine who's getting up a summer stock in New England. I'm a big draw in that territory and he wants me to be his leading man. I've fixed it for him to sign you as leading woman."

"As leading woman?" I gasped. "Gareth, I couldn't; I haven't had the experience!"

"Bunk! You've the personality, the appearance that means more than experience to a stock manager. And I'll be there to coach you. I'd rather play opposite you than Ferris."

I was happy, hopeful again, and somehow Gareth's going also and his wanting me to go with him was the nicest part of all.

WE TALKED of our plans in the Greek restaurant after the performance and on the deserted street as he escorted me back to my lodgings.

It was a wonderful night. Budding boughs trembled in the April moonlight and the white petals of newly blown tulip trees drifted like little birds across the sprouting lawns.

Above us beamed a full moon, beautiful, virginal; Gareth looked up at it.

We had reached the house where I lodged; how I regretted it.

"Look!" He pointed boyishly towards the veranda over which the dead vines were feeling resurrection. "Juliet's balcony! Let's play the scene. The moon will be our spotlight, the trees our audience. You know the lines?"

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" I answered, and ran gaily up the steps, leaned over the railing toward him.

"Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?" His hat was off and the moonlight glinted on the curls that nestled against the white forehead. His lips parted in expectant adoration.

"'Tis but thy name that is my enemy," I ran through the speech. He picked up his cue and we played the entire scene, eagerly, emotionally. The voice of the awakened landlady in a bedroom above filled in for the nurse.

"Good night, good night," I sighed at last. I was Juliet and he Romeo—there in the April moonlight. "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good night

to thee, and yet my heart is left behind."

He hesitated, did not begin the final soliloquy and I knew why he hesitated. I was glad, and encouraged him. He had climbed the railing at the proper cue and now I swayed towards him—just a little—so that my loosened hair brushed against his cheek. In an instant I was in his arms, not the arms of the play-actor but the arms of a lover.

"Oh, my God, child!" he gasped through his kisses. "I love you, I love you—"

"You mustn't," I pleaded softly.

"But I must, I can't help it. Your throat is like ivory, the finest ivory; I can't help kissing it."

I leaned cuddled up against him in glad surrender. We said nothing more, there was nothing more to be said that words could express as eloquently as kisses.

I did not go in. Presently his arm locked about my shoulders, and we went down the moonlit street together, treading the drifted blossoms under impatient feet.

MORNING did not make me ashamed of myself. What had happened had been something that had to happen and I had known all along that it would. Three years in the world of the theater broadens one, irons out one's inhibitions.

It was not merely an interlude; it was only a prelude of what was to follow.

"We shall always love each other," he told me confidently. "We shall help each other. I shall be a great actor and love will teach you how to be a great actress as nothing else can."

Do you expect me to say that I knew regret later? That would be untrue. I never did. Nor do I regret now, although—

It is different for you women whom life permits to live comfortably at home, always able to be with your husband, to have houses, babies. For you to have done what I did might have been sin, but for me—to whom the road denied everything—for me an actress, doomed to loneliness, to partings, it was inevitable.

Had I not seized happiness in the moment that it was offered to me, I might have had nothing to look back upon. And it is good to look back.

We were ideally happy, working, playing together. We had as good a home as small-town furnished apartments could be converted into. The companionship and the community of interest with Gareth were the best moments of my life.

My work did improve. Love supplied a fire that had been lacking. I was successful as a leading woman, and news of me spread to New York. I was offered a production engagement which I refused, although Gareth urged me to take it.

"You're better than I am," he urged. "I won't stand in your way."

"You're tired of me already," I pouted. His kisses on my lips were his denial.

That winter we worked jointly in a touring company of a Broadway success. We had already signed up for stock together the following summer. The future stretched out rose-colored.

Gareth had written to his wife, telling her about me, begging her to divorce him. She did not answer, nor did she reply to a second registered letter. Her silence worried Gareth. He said it was revenge.

Looking at a picture of her which he still carried in his trunk, I could well believe him. She was a striking woman with great locks of black hair massed loosely about her head, and her neck and shoulders were as perfect as if they had been carved by a sculptor. But the mouth

and eyes were discontented, vindictive, even in the repose of the photograph.

Yet what did she matter to me? If she had been different she might have kept Gareth. And he and I were so sublimely happy together!

OUR company was playing a large town in the middle West. It was the opening performance and Gareth and I were playing our first scene. The business called for us to be seated at a table, our profiles towards the audience.

All of a sudden I saw a strange look cross Gareth's face; his mouth trembled and he failed to catch his cue.

When the action permitted, I turned my head in the direction he had been looking and then nearly went up in the lines myself.

In a stage box sat a woman in evening dress, with magnificent white shoulders and black hair—a woman with discontented, vindictive mouth and eyes.

Her brow was furrowed with intense interest—not in the play but in the players—malignant, aggressive, challenging.

Gareth and I had regained our composure. Plays must go on under much more embarrassing situations, but as I spoke my lines, I kept dreading one moment—the moment of our big scene which we played down-stage within four feet of the stage box occupied by Jacqueline Garivel.

The moment came. Gareth, his eyes averted from the box, sat in a chair, and I bent over him, hands on his shoulders. Jacqueline had bent forward too and her eyes were blazing at us through the golden dust curtain of the footlights. I could almost hear her breathing, could almost feel her searing, terrible hatred.

Then I forgot the play completely and gasped aloud with terror. Jacqueline Garivel had raised a white arm and in her hand something glittered.

A revolver? She was going to shoot Gareth. What she could not have, she would not let anyone else have! I screamed to the orchestra leader, to the ushers. Then I instinctively flung myself across his knees, my body shielding his.

I saw the lifted hand sweep forward, saw the glittering thing flash in the air and suddenly all the fires of hell seemed to be burning into my throat and shoulders.

I writhed in agony. The curtain clashed down.

THAT was ten years ago. We weren't important enough as performers for the papers to pay much attention to the episode.

Ten years ago—so, you see, I am still young enough to be a leading lady, but the acid left such hideous scars that I can no longer wear décolleté dresses. I am relegated to characters.

Gareth? The *Billboard* said he was playing leading business in Seattle. "Or was it Denver?" He was heartbroken, very tender to me. But my scarred body repelled him. I think he had been drawn to me as he had been drawn to Jacqueline—by my neck and shoulders. And the physical is so closely bound to the spiritual, is it not?

Oh well, we probably would have separated anyway. Show folks, though they swear loyalty, are always swept apart on the relentless tide of the road.

It was a very lovely year to look back upon, and sometimes on moonlit nights I sit by my window and dream.

If I ever play in "Romeo and Juliet" again, it will have to be as the Nurse.



Suppose your eyelids failed to close when a cloud of dust blows toward you

Dust in the eyes? How rarely does this unwelcome experience occur, for the protecting eyelids "quick as a wink" snap shut when trouble looms.

Unhappily there is no such protection for the skin. And often its soft, natural fineness is sacrificed because the tiny, delicate pores are subject to the irritating effects of this same dust-laden air.

Nature does her best. The little pore ducts night and day cast out foreign particles and preserve the pliant fineness of the skin. Still, we must help.

To be sure, we use our face creams faithfully to cleanse and nourish. Most face creams have one common purpose—to soften and nourish the skin—but they leave the pores wide open, unprotected as before. Tired, overtaxed, the pores become weak in functioning. And then we wonder why they become enlarged.

Some of us accept this condition as "just natural to my skin." But those of us who really care find ways to reduce and refine the pores to normal invisibility.

Ice is one tested way. Its quick chill instantly contracts the pores and stimulates the circulation. But it is harsh to tender skins, and always more or less inconvenient to use.

Now there is a new and better way—with all the instant pore-contracting benefits of ice, and with none of its fussiness and trouble—a delightful, soothing, refreshing cream, that feels and acts like ice on the skin.

This new cream is called Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It does not take the place of your nourishing creams. It simply finishes the task that they have begun—closes to normal fineness the open, unprotected pores.

While the nourishing cream still remains on the face, apply this delightfully icy and refreshing cream right over it. The sensation is like a cool lake breeze—the effect, an immediate contraction of the pores.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not enter the pores. Its smooth contracting action merely restores the refinement of texture to your skin; and its welcome "freezy" chill gently stirs the tiny blood vessels to renewed action, bringing a tide of fresh natural color.

*Powder adheres wonderfully—
yet cannot clog the pores*

You will be entranced at the youthful beauty which Princess Pat Ice Astringent brings to your complexion. And you will be amazed at how wonderfully your powder adheres—without possibility of its entering and choking the pores.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

How I put my complexion to bed

by "The Princess"

Night is nature's opportunity to build youth into your complexion. First every pore must be thoroughly cleansed with a soft, solvent cleansing cream that removes all secretions, dust and grime. Manipulate gently with upward and outward strokes of the finger tips and wipe off with a soft cloth. Now rejuvenate the oil cells of the skin with a soothing, nourishing cream. Manipulate very gently, and let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Skin Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

How I awaken my complexion in the morning

Cool—not cold—water is permissible. Dry the face. Now again use your nourishing cream. Just a thin coating this time, manipulating with the finger tips. Then while the cream still remains, spread your ice astringent right over it. Now your pores are contracted—protected. And when both creams are wiped away together you have the ideal base for your powder and Tint.

How I Tint

My way of applying Tint gives, I think, the nearest approach to nature. I use a dry rouge as its transparency lets the luminous quality of the skin show through, and for waterproof, lasting effect, I apply before powdering. Pat it on in the shape of a V with the point toward the nose, leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly. This is nature's own design. I recommend Princess Pat English Tint as by far the most natural, but there is also Medium Rouge if you prefer it.

How I Powder

If you value the natural refinement of your skin—do not powder over open pores. Be sure the pores are naturally contracted. Powder profusely over face and neck but take pains to blend softly to leave no chalky patches. All beauty specialists agree on almond as one of the most beneficial ingredients for the skin. For this reason I use an almond base powder that is healing as well as beautifying. And it adheres wonderfully.

Free— this demonstration package

Containing a liberal amount of both Princess Pat Ice Astringent and Princess Pat Cream. After several days' trial on your own complexion, entirely without cost, let your mirror be your guide.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Dept. 243

2701-9 S. Wells Street, Chicago

Please send Free Demonstration Package to

Name

Address

City

State

(Print Name and Address Plainly)

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor. I tried every advertised remedy, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was hopeless until there came to me the simple but truly wonderful method which has brought such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only perfectly free from superfluous hair but is as smooth and soft as a baby's, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me.



This amazing method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

With this method, used according to the simple directions I will give you, your trouble with superfluous hair is over. You will never again appear with that ugly growth to disfigure your face.

So overjoyed was I with the results this method brought to me that I gave it my own name—Lanzette.

Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this wonderful method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 W. Washington St., Dept. 1204, Chicago, Illinois.

Nothing But a Provider

[Continued from page 69]

only late at night and early in the morning. We ate all our meals in restaurants, and soon sickened at the very sight of a waiter. We were young, and very much in love, and good sports. Lady Sue was game.

Months passed, and one day the delightful news came booming on the drums of my ears that a baby was coming. My face grew as long as a carrot. Now I was in for it. Responsibility, with firm but gentle fingers, gripped me fast. Sue stopped work, and I became the only contributor to the family exchequer. Funds were needed to prepare for the coming guest, and it was up to me.

I searched the papers eagerly, hoping to find a better-paying job, but had no success. At last I saw an ad that called for several hours night work daily in an Insurance Company. I applied and was engaged. Sue objected, but it meant an added twelve dollars weekly, and I overruled her.

In due course, our baby came. It's my baby, and I'm fond of him. We called him Bobby.

With my day and night work, we were getting along—that is, getting along, but always on the ragged edge of a precipice. We braved it through somehow, and never actually hit the rocks.

SUE and I held an important conference and decided that more money *must* come creeping into the house. Accordingly, the next night when I arrived at the Insurance Company to work, I tackled Mr. Gray, the office manager.

"Mr. Gray," I said, with a courage born of Bobby's outburst. "Is there an opening here in the office during the day? I could make good use of a good job, and would work to hold it down."

"It is against the rules here for an employee to work both day and night. It interferes with the efficiency."

"I know," I replied; "but if it is a good job, I'll give up my night work."

"All right," Mr. Gray said. "I'll speak to Thompson. He's in charge here during the day. I'll say a good word for you."

The next week, I began scratching ledgers with a pen all day for the Insurance Company, at a salary of thirty dollars. Still not making enough to satisfy

all our needs, I set about looking for night work again. For two weeks I scanned the ads as if they were a map of a hidden gold mine; but nothing came of it. At last I thought of Archie, an old friend who was a feeder in a printing shop.

"Look here, Archie," I said. "I want to get rich quick, and need your help. Get your firm to give me samples and prices, and I'll drum up business for them on a commission basis, during my evenings and Saturday afternoons."

So, working again during the day and the night, I managed to drag home enough coin every week to keep that hungry wolf from the welcome mat.

TIME passed; Bobby had grown to the age where he asked me a dozen questions daily, a dozen of which I had to run to the college man next door to find an answer to. Catching the habit from him one night, Lady Sue took a hand asking questions too.

"What are you," she asked, "a provider, or a husband?"

"I give up," I answered. "I never was good at riddles."

"Well, you're nothing but a provider for the home. You are not a complete husband. You bring the coin, but what about the companionship?"

So, here was another problem, and it had to be solved. If I quit running around during the evenings, the income would fall off considerably. How could I work decent hours, and still make a good salary? I called on Archie again.

"Listen, King Arthur! Every week I corral about three hundred dollars in orders, from which I get a mere commission. I've done that for someone else long enough. I'd like to make love to that three hundred myself. How about you and me going into the business, fifty-fifty all around? You be the inside man; I'll get the orders."

Archie sank into a sea of thought, from which he came up smiling.

We made good. Being in the printing game, we made good impressions upon people as well as for people. And I must repeat now what I said at the beginning: the flower of success mostly takes root in the soil of marriage and the conditions which it brings forth.

Not Much of a Sport

[Continued from page 28]

telephone bell rang. It was Molly's voice. "Anybody there, Miss Sayre?"

"No, Molly," I said.

"Say, Miss Sayre, I simply must talk to you. I'll die if I don't. Can I?"

I said, "You certainly may, my dear."

"Miss Sayre, don't ever let Allan know I never will—but Allan forgot to strap me in this afternoon! I didn't know there was a strap. I never thought about a strap. I don't even remember seeing the old thing when we looked the plane over."

"I'd made up my mind that I was going to surprise Allan and loop the loop. I'd already given the signal to Chick. I looked around to see what it was that kept me in and I felt that big belt hanging loose behind me. I tell you I was numb. Then I thought of Allan, poor Allan, who'd forgotten the strap, and I began shaking my head and yelling, 'No, no, no!'"

"Chick straightened the machine and I managed to pull off my gloves and clamp that strap. By that time we were down. I couldn't get the gloves on again; there wasn't time. Did you hear Allan scold-

ing me for not wearing them, while he was unfastening the belt?"

I sputtered something into the telephone, but Molly didn't hear me. She went on.

"All's well that ends well, so it's all right. Allan'll never know. He'd die if he knew, simply die. And Chick'll never know; he'll just think I lost my nerve."

"But I *was* going to loop the loop, Miss Sayre, I *was*. Only nobody can ever know. And—and Allan'll think I wasn't much of a sport!"

Molly's voice choked a little, but she hurried on:

"I'm glad you know, Miss Sayre. I just had to tell somebody. I— Good-by, Miss Sayre. Here's Allan."

And the receiver went up.

Not much of a sport! H'm! I wish I could tell Allan Trent a few things! But of course I can't. When you're a real friend to a young married couple, you have to keep a lot of secrets.



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THE most progressive step in the teaching of beauty culture ever made was when Emily Lloyd, the world's greatest beauty authority introduced in every Marinello School her new, simplified way of teaching by visual instruction combined with the regular courses of theory and actual practice. This new easy way of teaching by illustrated films—projected on a screen enables you to see the actual operation. Each successive step of instruction in every branch, as well as your study of anatomy is made so plain, so easily understood that a neglected education is no handicap.

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In this new, patented, non-spilling vanitie, you can now safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go.

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 Convenient—Simple to
 Operate—No more cake
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NORIDA PARFUMERIE
 315 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Kiss By Proxy

[Continued from page 77]

see, all they hear me talk about is you, and they were wild with curiosity."

"Oh, I can't get that horrible girl you kissed in Papa's office out of my mind. First it was she, then this Blanche person who wrote you so desperately, now these girls—particularly that little, little bobbed haired one who sits across from your desk. Every time she sat down she crossed her knees, trying to see just how much of her stockings she could show."

"Of course, if you were like other men it would be different. They can stand seeing women around and not losing their heads. But you are not a real man yet."

"That seems to me to be very unfair, Margie," I said. "You have nothing on which to base such an accusation."

"I haven't! I haven't!" she cried. "You can say that when I saw you, with my very own eyes, kissing a stenographer in my father's office?"

"Are you still holding that against me?" I asked. "I thought I had made it clear that it was you I wanted to kiss that day."

"How can I ever forget that?" she demanded.

THERE would be no point in my setting down the experiences of my married life if they seemed merely to point to the vexations of a jealous wife. Marjorie was not jealous in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Her love for me was deep and abiding. I was the one thing in the world she held dear. She was jealous of her pride more than she was of me, and this brought about a mental distortion of vision and of values which made her suspicious of everything I did.

Among my duties at the office was the entertainment of out-of-town customers, and occasionally these customers were women. During the early days of our marriage I would go home and tell Marjorie that I had a customer to lunch, especially if it was a woman customer.

She was especially keen to know about a Miss Barber of Toledo. She had seen Miss Barber's picture in a trade magazine and the caption referred to her as the beautiful and youthful buyer for Harkheimer and Company of Toledo. As a matter of fact, the picture was one Miss Barber had had taken at least fifteen years before, and even then she had been far from "young and beautiful."

Then came the business trip, which as salesmanager I had to make for the sake of business policy.

"Ho, ho! So you will see the beautiful and youthful Miss Barber?" my wife said.

"I certainly will not see the poor old girl," I told her. "I couldn't see her if I wanted to, because she is away on her vacation."

So I started my trip, but when I got to Toledo and called on Harkheimer and Company, I found that Miss Barber had not only been on her vacation but had just returned.

FOR some reason Miss Barber thought it was up to her to entertain me, to show me that Toledo had something to offer in the way of excitement besides business meetings. The younger Mr. Harkheimer also was of the same mind. The result was that despite my protests, I had to join a party that started in two automobiles about dusk for some place out in the country, where we could get a chicken dinner and plenty of home-made wine—and other things. Of course there were girls in the party—young Mr. Harkheimer was of the age where a party wasn't a party unless there were some wild young things along.

I'll confess I don't see how I could have backed out without having seemed a boor.

Some of these girls, after a cocktail and a glass of wine, simply let go. When one of the girls, who had attached herself to me, sugared her lips with some vivid red preparation and then tried to use my face to transplant it, I obtained my hat and quit the party cold.

Of course, Marjorie heard about it, because people *will* write letters. As I was anxious to jump into work as soon as I reached home, I had wired the office to send all the mail to my house. I planned to go over affairs at home on the Sunday I arrived and have a fresh start on Monday morning.

MARJORIE was particularly exuberant in her greeting when I reached home: so much so that I was a bit suspicious. She kissed me fervently, her eyes glowing. We sat down to a bit of supper she had prepared, and as she did not press me to tell about my trip, I volunteered. But I neglected all mention of Miss Barber and the Toledo party. When I finished, Marjorie inquired:

"Your little friend in Toledo was on her vacation, was she?"

"No," I confessed. "Miss Barber got back when I was there, but I saw her only in passing. I did my business there with young Mr. Harkheimer."

"But wasn't it rather rude of you to run out on the party given by your little friend?"

Then came an explosion of tears and denunciations. Such a tongue lashing! Such names as I heard myself called!

Marjorie got out the pile of mail that had been sent home from the office, and right on top, opened and stamped by the mail-receiving clerk, was a letter from Harkheimer and Company, and it was signed by Esther Barber. Not only signed by her, but closed with, "from your little friend."

Can you beat it!

Then the letter itself! It was a gentle rebuke for my having walked out on the party and a hint that I had certainly missed something.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded Marjorie, so furious that she was dangerously calm.

I explained fully just why I went on the party, and why I left.

"Now you can take my explanation or leave it," I cried. "I don't blame you for being upset before, because it looked bad for me, but that's all I can say now."

"Oh, Jimmy," she cried. "I don't know what to think. I don't know what to believe. I put so much faith in you and you seem to fail me so often. But, Jimmy, I love you—oh, if I could only be sure of you."

"Why not try to be sure?" I asked.

"Because I can never forget that girl in Father's office. Oh, Jimmy, how could you have done that?"

That one kiss, not desired by me and of no harm to anyone, had proved to be as fatal as cancer. It was quite plain that Marjorie would never live to overlook it, or live down the fear that I might prove unfaithful.

AFTER all, perhaps the real cause of all our troubles was Marjorie's father. He had never become reconciled to our marriage, and he never ceased hoping that he would win Marjorie away from me. Cut off from her family and practically alone in a strange city, as she was, Marjorie's lot was not an easy one. I will say

[Continued on page 86]



But Your Highness doesn't
yet know who I am.
Too true," sighed the
Prince. "I only know I
have foundered in the waves
of your hair."



Jacqueline
Harwood

Amazing New Curling Cap Marcel Waves Any Hair

How I danced with the Prince by Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the inspiring monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had *entree* through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony! During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me.

"What feature do you think is most important to a girl's beauty, Jacqueline?" she began tactfully.

"I'm not sure if I know," I replied.

"Well, if you'll notice you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair, and—"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my tangled, seriously limp hair. How unattractive it looked that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

May tells her secret

"But what can I do," I asked anxiously. "I have had marcel galore. My hair looked fine for a while, but soon it's straight and scarily limp."

"That's just the trouble," May replied. "You've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair. You know, every operation does it differently and puts the waves in a different place. That's what makes your hair so unruly."

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid. "I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair."

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple curling device worked, how it put in the waves without applying heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same place, trained the hair to stay marcelled.

In a second May had a towel about my shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On with the dance!

The next night was to be held *la Grande Bal Masque*, which it was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend incognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope running high.

About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a tiny mask. His regal bearing told me here was the Prince.

The rest seems like a dream to me.

I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltz I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured "sweet nothings" in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince—and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step.

I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

You may be sure I was never a "wall flower" after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for my-

self, and as I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be no more than fair for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too highly.

Try it at our risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Liquid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him \$2.87, plus a few cents postage, and your marcel worries are at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Liquid for 5 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question.

If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor marceling; if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, take Miss Harwood's advice and don't put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.



To put on the Curling Cap, simply extend the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick, you puff out the hair in little "waves" and let them dry in this position. (Patents Pending)



After you have adjusted the Curling Cap you can read or finish dressing while the Curling Liquid is drying. It takes only 15 minutes—and then you will have the loveliest marcel you ever saw!

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Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit which includes your newly invented Curling Cap, and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money.

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Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



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Hair

KURLEY KEW, Inc. • 33 W. 60th St., New York City

[Continued from page 84]

this for her father; he never tried an underhand method to get her to leave me. He simply told her that he knew that in the course of time he would have his daughter back.

For a long time I had feared this would be true. But after the talk following my trip to Toledo, Marjorie did seem to calm down, perhaps to make the best of what she felt had been a bad bargain.

Then came a thing so ludicrous that I would hesitate to set it down here if the outcome were not so tragic.

The following spring, I went on an overnight fishing trip with one of my friends at the office. As I was not much of a fisherman myself, I had no equipment of my own in the way of clothing and tackle. My friend said he would outfit me completely with both. So when I kissed Marjorie good-by, I was dressed in my everyday office suit. When I returned home, I naturally had on the same suit, having changed both times at my friend's house.

THE evening of my return, Marjorie asked me for a match to light her cigarette. I gave her a package of those little paper matches that are passed out at any cigar store.

Marjorie lighted her cigarette—then suddenly cried out in horror. Thinking she had burned her fingers in some way, I rushed to her.

But she shoved me aside and sat looking hysterically at the little package of matches. I looked at it too, but to me there was nothing wrong about it.

"Look at it! Look at it!" she demanded. "You went fishing, did you? What a liar you are! And you thought you could get away with it, fool me! You never thought a little match-box would give you away, did you? Oh, you vile creature!"

"Why, Marjorie, I don't understand what you are driving at. Of course I went fishing. What has that package of matches got to do with it?"

"Yes, you went fishing! Yes, you did—not. This package of matches proves you went to Rochester—and you had no man along for company, either."

I took the package from her trembling fingers and on the back cover of the package was a colored reproduction of the Hotel Iroquois of Rochester.

On that evidence I was believed guilty! At first I went limp; then I just had to laugh. It was so incongruous.

"Because I have a match-box with the picture of a Rochester hotel, you assume I must have got it in Rochester?" I said.

"Why deny it?" she answered.

"But, sweetheart, don't you know that those boxes are made by the millions and distributed to all cigar stores?"

SUDDENLY the life went out of me. I knew that I could not argue further—that however unhappy I would be without her, unhappy loneliness would be better than living forever under a cloud of suspicion and distrust.

I heard Marjorie call the Western Union on the telephone and send a message to her father saying she was coming home. A couple of hours later she passed out of our house—perhaps out of my life forever. And since then my life has been an empty shell without her.

Do you, who read this, condemn her? I wonder if you think she was a foolish woman, acting hastily. Please don't!

I was inclined to feel that way myself, but there is a lot to be said for Marjorie—high-minded, pure, sincere in the belief that I had done many great wrongs because she had witnessed me in the act of committing a little wrong.

The kiss of Judas could have caused no more misery or unhappiness.



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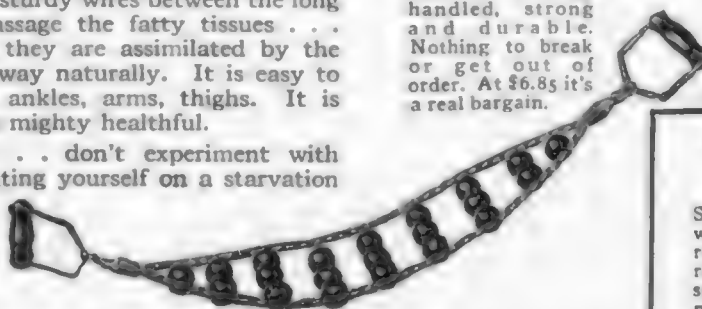
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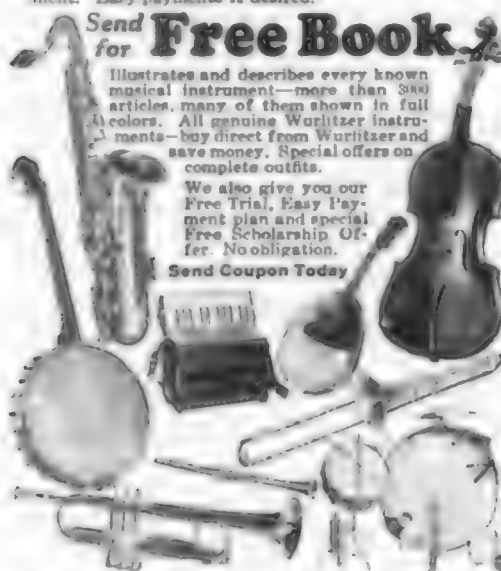
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Where Shell-Holes Had Been

[Continued from page 68]

that my case was ready to come on, I checked my job at Crystaltown to board at a cheap, decent place in Reno recommended by Molly Myron. This was because I would have to be present in court, and wouldn't be able to work. A few days ought to see the thing through, I'd been told. I had saved enough money beyond the lawyer's fees, to get me back to New York, and there I could land on my feet, I was sure. Gypsy knew what was on the cards, and though our parting was at hand, she proposed to give me a congratulation dinner on the night I got my decree.

My case was called, and I was just saying to myself, "Well, old top, you've come to the end of the long lane, and soon you'll be out of it," when I received word that Lanny was contesting the case.

Mr. Hammerton was inclined to upbraid me for assuring him that there would be no defense, but God knew I'd thought I was telling the truth!

Lanny's lawyer got delay after delay on one excuse after another. Hammerton warned me that I might as well resign myself to several more months in the neighborhood of Reno. Of course, I had to go back to work again, and I got my old job with Mr. Hulbert.

ALTHOUGH I had to go back to Crystaltown and work, there was my Gypsy sweetheart to look forward to in the evening, and all the consolation she could give for every new disappointment that cropped up. I wouldn't have missed the Reno stage those evenings, anymore than I'd have thrown over a chance of Paradise!

At last came the day when Hammerton gave me July as the limit, and I had to decide whether I'd stay down below as a millhand at sixty cents an hour and my evenings with Gypsy, or go up to Camp Hulbert as a surveyor with three times the money and no comforting little friend.

"It'll be damnable!" I told Gypsy. We were dining at her little apartment. "I don't know how I'll get along without you, and I must have money somehow or other."

"I don't see how else to get it."

"Camp will begin to be wonderful in March," she said thoughtfully.

"It won't be wonderful for me without you," I grumbled.

"Oh, but it won't be without me!"

"What do you mean?"

Gypsy laughed an enchanting laugh. I never heard any woman's laugh that was half so sweet as Gypsy's. There was something elfin in hers, something that reminded me of woods and ferns, and little parkling brooks.

"Why!" she asked. "Did you think I'd let you endure that dismal life alone, with no friends you could talk to, and only that disgusting old mess-house to eat in, day after day—all down on your luck and low in your mind, the way you are? Not on your life!"

"But, dear little angel, what can you do about it?" I rapped out bluntly.

"I'm going up to camp too. As soon as it opens."

I stared.

SUDDENLY Gypsy blushed. "Oh, I'm not going to throw myself on you, Jerry, and be a clinging vine," she tried to laugh again, but nervously this time.

I've arranged the whole business. I went to Mr. Hulbert two weeks ago, when things were rather bad with you, and told him I was tired of my work in Reno. I asked him if I could be store-keeper at Camp Hulbert next spring for awhile, and see how I got along. I knew they had a

woman once, and she did pretty well. Why shouldn't I?

I took the girl in my arms and held her. I didn't kiss her then. I didn't feel like it, unless I kissed her hands, for she seemed almost sacred in her self-sacrifice.

"Gypsy," I said, when it was easier to speak, "no man or woman has ever been as good to me as you are. I don't understand it. I'm not worthy of it. You mustn't do this thing."

"But I want to do it!" she persisted, pretending to be pert, in order to bring me down a peg from the earnestness that maybe she thought dangerous for us both. "You're my best pal! I want to be with you as long as I can, and—and be as much to you as I can."

"You can be with me always, if you will, and be everything to me," I told her. "You know that very well."

She shook her head, though she was still in my arms, and her soft short hair brushed my chin.

"That's it!" she almost whispered. "I can't be everything to you: not enough for marrying. And nothing on earth could make me marry you, anyway."

"You love me enough to sacrifice your pretty little home here, and a good salary, to isolate yourself thirty miles up in the mountains and live in a shack, yet you don't love me enough to marry me," I reproached her. And I do think I spoke wholeheartedly for once. My whole soul was overflowing with gratitude to the girl, almost reverence.

"I love you too much to marry you," she said, as she had said before. "I don't want to talk about that, please. It hurts. But for the rest, I love you just enough! Yes, just enough for everything else in the world."

THERE was a moment of hushed silence between us. Then I said softly, "You're so kind, you'd give me everything if I'd take it. I'd be a damned villain if I did, and I'm afraid if we both spent months up there among the trees, without a congenial soul near except each other, I—I might—my God, it doesn't bear thinking of, my little innocent girl!"

"Hush!" Gypsy murmured. "Now you've told me that, I have to tell you something. If you let me make you forget your troubles sometimes with my love—you wouldn't be hurting an innocent girl. I wouldn't have needed to confess this about myself, if you hadn't been afraid—to take advantage. But you see, Jerry darling, I'm not what they call 'innocent.'"

"Don't!" I broke out. "Don't say such a thing. You're lying. You're throwing yourself in the dust like a broken lily for my sake."

"No, Jerry, I'm not," she went on, leaning her face against mine once more, though in my revulsion against her words I had pushed her away. "But I don't feel I'm really in the dust, unless you think so. I've struggled out again and got back some of my self-respect. Oh, I've got to go on with this story now. But what if I make you hate me?"

She clung to me, her hands on my shoulders. She was shaking all over.

"Nothing could make me hate you," I told her. "Only, don't slander yourself. I won't hear it."

"Listen," she went on, in a very small voice like a child's. "Just about a year before I met you I thought I fell in love—with an actor in moving pictures—one of the stars. I won't tell you his name, so you needn't try to make me. He was in Sacramento, doing a picture there."

"It seemed awfully romantic and inter-

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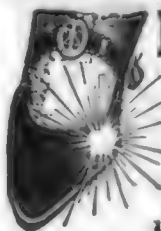
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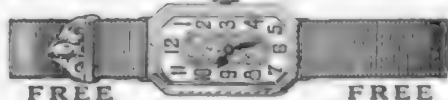


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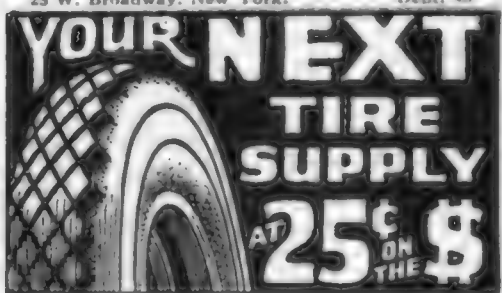
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esting. I'd never had anything exciting happen to me before. I know *now* I wasn't really in love, but it felt like love then, because I'd never been a bit thrilled by anyone.

"By and by he was going away, back to Hollywood, and he begged me to come to him for an important talk to a little flat he lived in. I went, and—he confided to me that he was married. He threatened to kill himself if I wouldn't—love him the way he wanted to be loved. Oh, you can guess the rest, can't you? He left Sacramento next day, and he never even wrote to me. I kept expecting a letter, week after week, but none came. It just seemed to break my heart, when I'd given him all I had to give, rather than he should shoot himself because he couldn't have me to remember. To think it had all been *acting*—he didn't really care!"

SO FAR, I'd listened in silence, shocked for the girl, sick at heart because of the revelation, the desecrations, the purity I'd loved. But when she broke into sobbing it was more than I could stand passively.

"The cad! The damned beast!" I burst out. "Tell me his name and I'll choke the life out of him if he's at the other end of the world."

"No, no, I'd sooner die than tell you. I see now he's not worth killing. I've seen that for a long time, but I didn't see anything then except that I was ashamed and unhappy—oh, miserably unhappy."

She was torn with sobbing. I held her close and over her head bowed down on my breast I saw the four blue candles burning on her table. There seemed something fatal about them, as if they were watching, and meant to give us just so much time, no more, for a great decision.

"My Gypsy girl, my little Gypsy girl!" I heard myself mourn over her. But I knew that never again could my little Gypsy sweetheart be for me the untouched flower she had been.

"Do you love me any less?" she asked, when my words and my arms round her had soothed the tearing sobs.

"No, not a bit less," I answered, and spoke the truth. It would have been cruel to tell *all* the truth and say I loved her differently. "You and I will be married, and forget!"

"No!" she said, and raising her head suddenly, I saw how unconsciously she set her square little jaws. "No, we're not *meant* to be married. But you are my life. Let me live, Jerry! Let me help you to live, now you're in trouble. I'd rather do that than anything in the world, and have it to remember when we've parted. The time will come before very long. And it will be the end of love for me. Yet I won't regret meeting you and caring, and suffering. This—and the memories—will pay for all the pain."

The blue candles burned slowly down. When their wicks had fallen and drowned in their own wax, a round white moon gazed at us between the curtains Gypsy had not closed.

BY THE middle of March, the weather was so mild and the snow had so nearly gone that camp could open.

We all moved up together: Joe Tracy and Nora; the old outfit, or as many members as had waited below, and a new lot engaged through an agency at Reno, to fill the gaps.

As surveyor, I had the right to quite a superior shack, next best to that of the camp boss. I wanted Rachel to take it, for her official quarters behind the roughly built store weren't too good and she had refused an invitation from the Tracys to stay in their house. I knew why she didn't wish to be with them. She wanted



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to be "on her own," where she could give me the nice little meals it was play for her to cook, and where we could have long evenings of talk, or music on the gramophone or the piano, which she hadn't let with the Reno flat.

I couldn't persuade her, however, to accept my shack and let me put up with a less comfortable one.

Gypsy was an angel to me. I loved her with all of my heart, except that prim corner where conventionality clung and wouldn't be turned out.

There was love for her even in that whitewashed corner, but there it was a grudging, sullen sort of love that would have hurt her if she had known what it was like. Constantly I caught myself making an effort not to let her guess, an effort to change, or if that wasn't possible, to shut my own eyes on what I hid from her. I thought then that I was succeeding where Gypsy was concerned—but now I am not so sure.

The hours that should have been sweetest, and would have been but for that streak in me, were half-spoiled because I ought not to have taken the gift Gypsy gave me unless I loved her enough to feel it was perfect. I even wished that she hadn't told me the story of her infatuation—though without that I wouldn't have accepted the gift, and would have missed the most exquisite revelation of a woman's love.

NO ONE in camp except Gypsy knew that I was bound by the law to another woman, and seeing us together in all my leisure hours, no doubt they looked on us as an engaged couple. That was what I tried to impress upon Gypsy. I insisted that we were engaged: that I would make her marry me when I was free. Then I'd take her home to the East; or if she would be happier in the West, I'd look for something to do in her part of the world.

I had arrived in Reno in July. Six months later, in January, Hammerton had sent the divorce papers against my wife to the New York County sheriff to be served according to the law. Fanny had since obtained so many delays, that it was just one year after I'd "established residence" before she came West to contest the case. She had thus succeeded in keeping me in Nevada twice the time I needed to stay in order to get a divorce. I was sure this success delighted her. She had made me feel her power, thousands of miles away.

At last I heard from Hammerton, and was informed by Fanny's lawyer that "Mrs. Kirkwood" was expected to reach Reno on a certain day. I learned this far enough in advance to resign my job as surveyor, so that I could be in town to appear in the case.

THE day after her arrival, Hammerton and I called on "Mrs. Kirkwood" at her hotel in the afternoon. She had engaged a sitting room, and we were invited up.

I hadn't seen Fanny since that day in 1917 when I told her I would go to the war, and her answer was, "I hope you'll come home in a box!" It was now 1920. I felt a queer sensation as Hammerton knocked at her door, and I heard the well-remembered voice call, "Come in!"

Fanny's voice had never been one of her charms, and now in contrast to the sweet voice of Gypsy echoing in my ears, it sounded harsh.

The door was one of those that can be opened from the outside. Hammerton turned the handle, and made a gesture for me to go in first. But I stood aside, and followed him.

There she was, reclining on a couch, in a loose dark robe of some thin stuff. I noticed that her hand was in a bandage—and then remembered that Hammerton had

told me she had received a slight injury on the train coming here. I trust Fanny to make a large bid for sympathy! Black cushions propped her head. She was more effective than she ever had been, and ten times as self-conscious.

I had never thought her vain, which was to the credit of so beautiful a person; but it was clear that now she was dressed and posed entirely with a view to effect. Perhaps her lawyer had put her up to it. I could hardly believe that I had ever been the husband of this woman, had lived with her in the intimacy of marriage. She seemed a stranger. Her beauty—which, as Hammerton had said, was dazzling—left me as cold as if I were looking into the open door of a refrigerator.

"I'm sorry I can't rise," she announced, stiffly. "I'm expecting my lawyer to meet you, but he's late."

Though she spoke to Hammerton, she looked at me. She focussed her great dark eyes meaningfully on mine, and I wasn't sure they didn't fill with tears. If they did, I hardened my heart with the thought, "She's crying for herself, not me!"

YOU know how the beautiful movie stars let their eyes swim, while glycerine tears slowly roll down their cheeks, without any real expression on their faces. I thought Fanny looked like that. I was tempted to say, "You register grief very nicely." But of course I didn't. I waited for her to speak. I didn't have to wait long.

"Haven't you a word to say to me, after all this time?" she asked, in the tone one would use to the family black sheep. But Fanny was always the martyr! In that way she hadn't changed.

I said I was sorry she'd hurt herself, and hoped she'd be all right soon.

Her eyes flashed, and I realized that I'd run off the track. Hammerton, the experienced divorce lawyer, caught onto that even sooner than I did, and was quick on the uptake.

"Mrs. Kirkwood has a suggestion to make, or a favor to ask," he broke in quickly.

"Not a favor!" Fanny cried. "I oughtn't to need to ask it. He ought to have offered. If he thought of a divorce at all—which I never wanted—he might at least have told me I could get it."

"You didn't wait for me to ask, did you," I blurted, "when you went to live in New Jersey and sued me by publication for deserting you?"

"I want what I wanted before," she cried. "The only decent thing. To get the divorce myself against you; to file a countersuit is the right term, I'm told."

"On what grounds would you enter upon this countersuit?" Hammerton hedged.

"I could easily divorce him on any grounds, in any state," Fanny answered. "I've heard all about Washington, and I am sure there were worse things in France. As for Reno, I know he's been running around with a girl."

"You know nothing of the kind!" I cut her short fiercely.

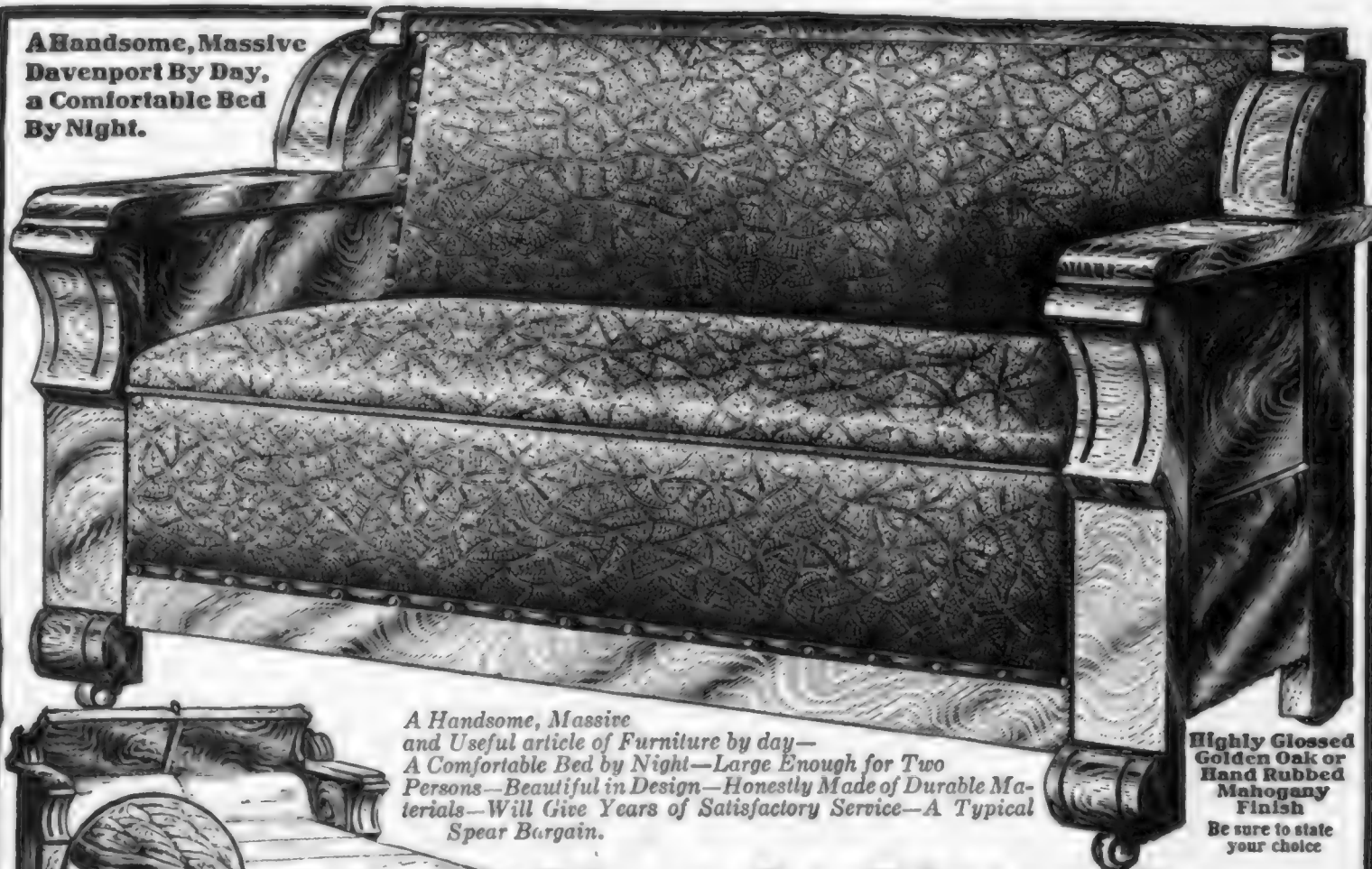
"Tst! tst!" Hammerton made a protesting sound with his tongue. "I assure you, Mrs. Kirkwood, on my honor and my experience in many cases of this kind, that you have no hope of obtaining grounds of divorce against my client on any such lines. If he consents to let you sue him without protest, incompatibility must be the plea. I warn you."

"Also if I do consent," I broke in, "it must be on the basis of no delay—not even for blood-poisoning!"

To see Fanny's look, you would have thought her a saint persecuted by a relentless devil in man's shape.

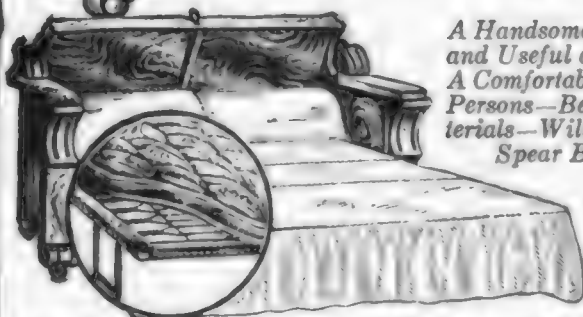
But at the end of the interview, Fanny [Continued on page 92]

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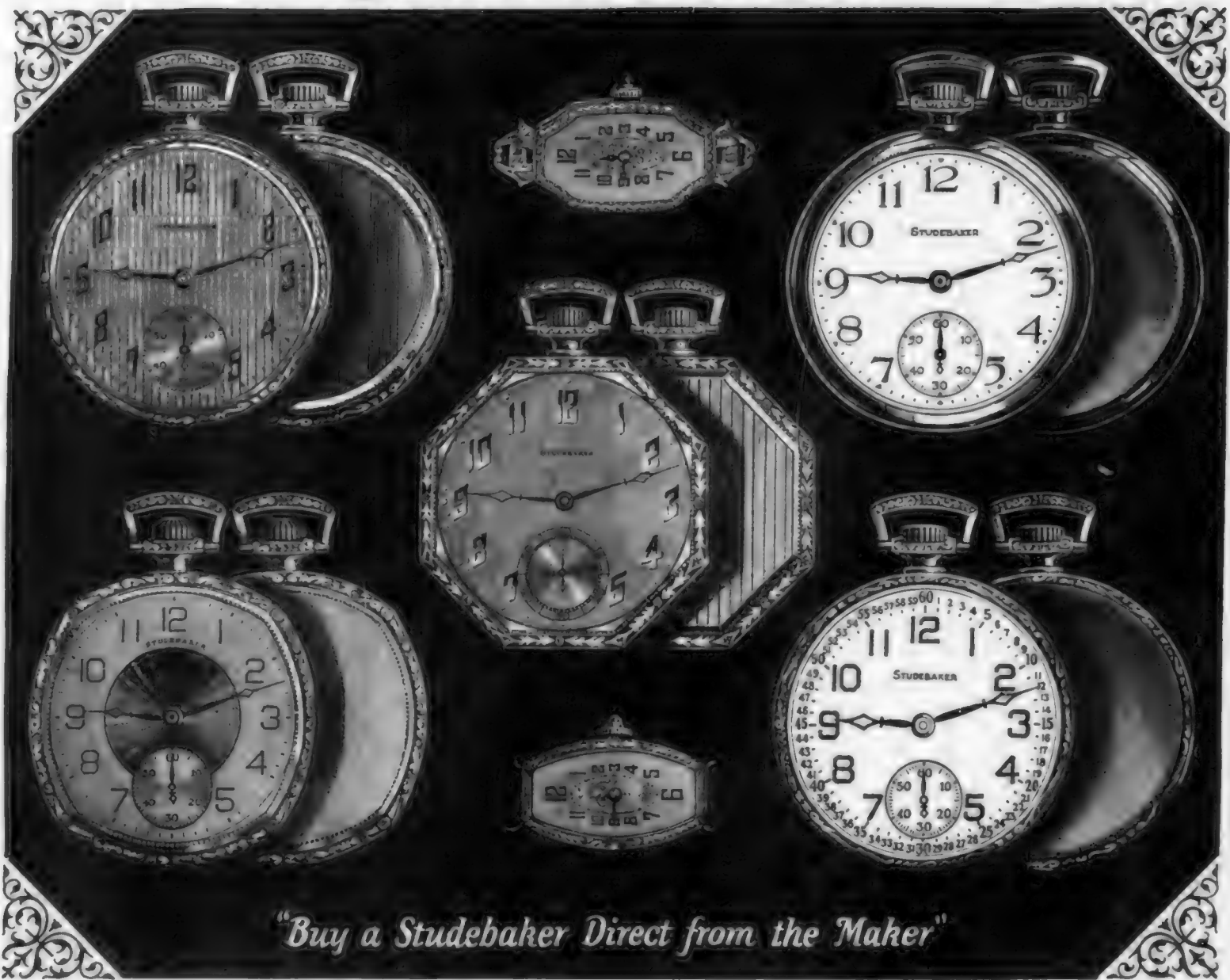
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(Continued from page 2)

you once. 'I'm only a little bit, and always will be?' Well, that was the truth. We're different, you and I. You need another kind of woman to keep you happy when you go home to the East, and your own kind I've given you the best I had, but I know always, since I loved you enough to see things clearly, that it wasn't the right sort of 'best' to go along with you through your whole life.

You have loved me, and needed me for a year. How beautiful! It had been born just for what I've had in this year, it would be enough to satisfy me. It's been my life. And it's all I want of life.

You were so dear, asking and even begging me to marry you when you didn't want me for your wife, way down in your heart, except for kindness and gratitude. I had to be strong, and tell myself over and over again that what I wanted was just your happiness. That is love, isn't it? Though I couldn't help being tempted sometimes. I would argue that if we were married, even though you didn't care for me in the real way at first, I could make you care and believe you were happy, especially if we should have a dear little child. But no, it wasn't myself arguing that; it was something in me arguing against myself. I wouldn't listen.

You're free after this long time I've tried to make pass quickly, and I wish you to be free in the most glorious way. That was a sweet 'good-by' we said, when you didn't understand why I used that word. I came down here, as I promised, and I've congratulated you. That was a promise, too, and I'm so glad to keep it.

Now I'm going away. Soon I'll be very far away indeed. Please don't look for me. Please—please! Just remember, and keep a little place in your heart for me, because I loved much.

Good-by, good-by again, Only Man!
Your little Gypsy Sweetheart."

I DON'T know how I got out of the hotel, when I'd finished her letter. I felt bludgeoned, as I have felt once or twice in my life before.

What a fool I'd been not to guess on Saturday that this was in the girl's mind! She had always insisted that our being together wasn't meant to last. She'd always refused to marry me. I would have trusted to my powers of persuasion when the time came. I ought to have foreseen that she never meant to give those powers a chance, lest I should be too strong for her. But it was she who was strong, that small brown girl with the pleading eyes, and the dimple in her chin that made it, so deceivingly, seem weak. I had never known that love could make a woman so strong as this.

But after all, I would find her.

I had to go away, in any case.

I thought that most likely in her loneliness, the girl would turn to her old home. Even if her father wouldn't welcome her, she must have many friends who would give her shelter till she was ready to move on.

I saw Hammerton once again, and then started in a night train for Sacramento. There was no Pullman and no parlor car. I sat up in a seat where another man, bound for San Francisco, nodded and dozed. But as for me, I had never felt less inclined for sleep.

It was morning when I arrived—a morning of gray sky, and soft, gentle rain such as Gypsy loved.

I had no difficulty in finding the house which had been her home. Her father's name, Derrick, was unique among the Browns. It wasn't a bad house, but it had neither the beauty of age nor youth. It was middle-aged, dull, unsuited to Gypsy.

I enquired of an elderly woman, who answered the door bell, if Miss Brown was at home.

"Did you say, Mr. Brown?" she asked. "No, he's away on one of his business trips, but he's been telegraphed for."

"It was Miss Brown I asked for," I explained. "Miss Rachel Brown."

The woman, who was red-eyed, gave a start and stared.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" she gasped.

"No. What?"

"Little Rachel is dead. She was killed. Last night."

I think I staggered against the doorpost. The woman was frightened. Perhaps she thought I was going to fall, and wondered what she would do with a man sprawled across the threshold!

BUT I didn't fall. I heard a husky voice put a question. Only vaguely I suspected that it must be my voice.

"How—did it happen?"

"We don't know exactly. It was in the station. She'd been away, you see—a long time. She must have been coming home, though she'd sent no word. If only she had! I'd have met her. Maybe she'd been asleep on the journey. I guess she was dazed. That's what they think. She was seen on the platform and recognized. Seems as if she hadn't made up her mind what she wanted to do. She must have stumbled. And then—then she fell under a train. Thank God for one thing; she was killed instantly. She didn't suffer. Oh, sir, you look as if you'd faint!"

I wasn't allowed to see her. Nobody was permitted to do that, though a doctor I talked to told me her face had not been touched. She looked beautiful, he said. Such a smile! It was happy and somehow surprised, as if she'd died saying to herself, "What a wonderful thing!"

None of her home people dreamed that it had been anything except an accident. But I—what could I think when I reread her letter?

"It's been my life and it's all I want of life—soon I shall be very far away. Please don't look for me—please!"

I do look for her—in dreams. And I always will look and seek, and beg for her blessing, her forgiveness.

I stayed in Sacramento till her body lay in a very small-seeming white coffin, in its grave. Then, in the night, I heaped the grave with sweetheart roses, such as I used to give her when she lived and loved.

My little gypsy sweetheart, slumber on!"

THERE isn't much more to tell.

By and by I went back to New York. I worked. I succeeded. Last year I took a holiday, and returned to France to see the battlefields where my men and I had fought.

Flowers were growing where the shell-holes had been, and birds were singing. But the war wasn't forgotten. Over there, it isn't easy to forget. And I never can forget things. Often I wish I could.

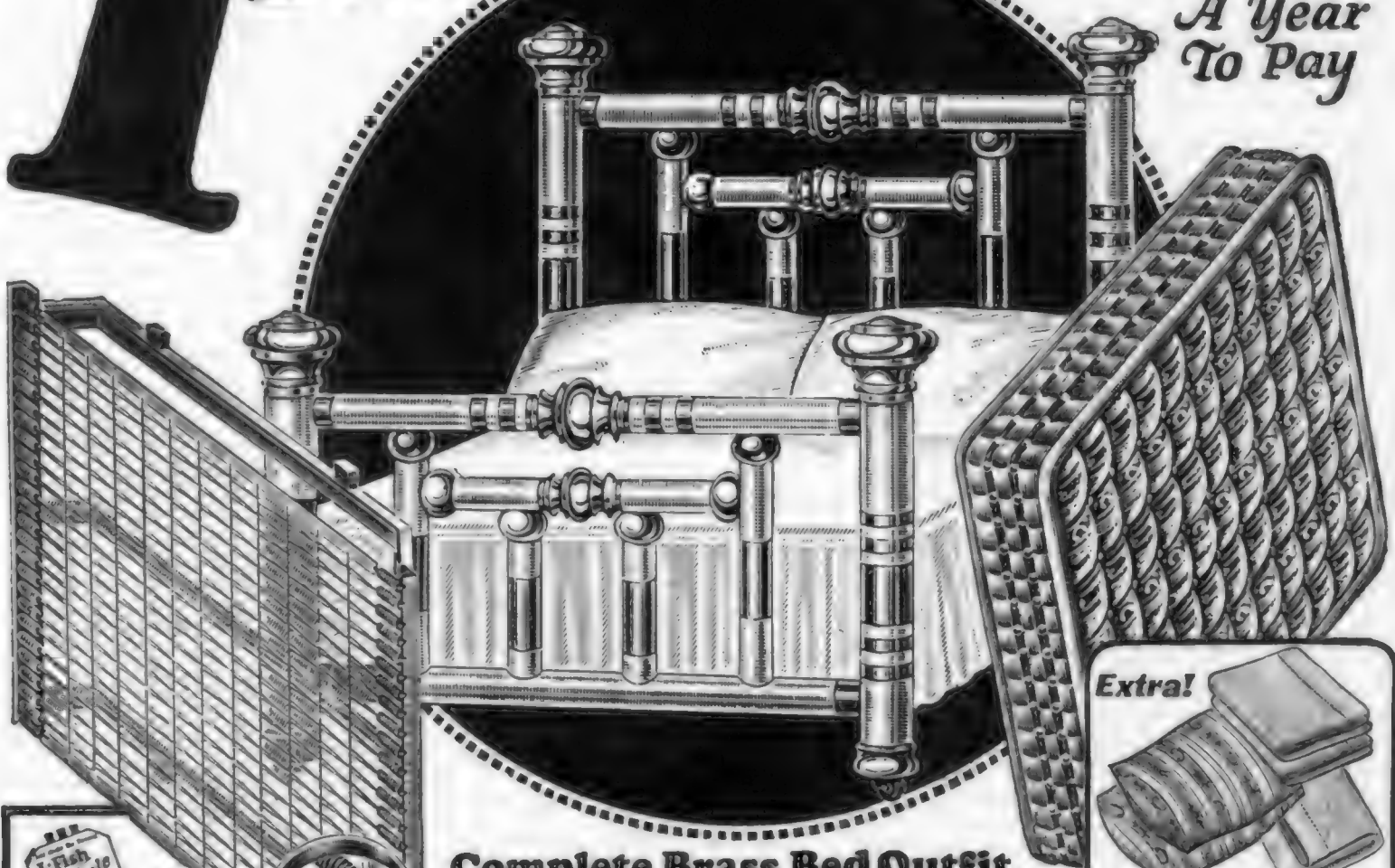
Coming back I met You on the ship, and you know all that has happened since. So now, dear woman—one woman in the world who can hold my heart forever—I have told you all of my story.

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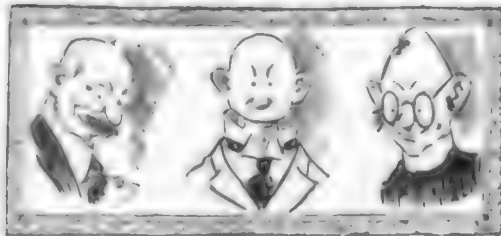
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The Price of a Petting Party

(Continued from page 50)

the entrance. All those pictured problems in the back of my little advertisements rose up before me. Should I wait there until Archie went in and ordered a table? Tables were ordered or reserved or something, I vaguely remembered from stories I had read.

Archie solved my problem for me, promptly and unceremoniously. He had come the bell—it was one of those "private" places where it is necessary to ring a bell and when the door opened, he started to enter. The doorman said something to him, and he turned and beckoned to me.

Archie stride ahead into a large room which had an oblong space waxed for dancing and a number of small tables along the walls under pink shaded candles.

"It's too early for the gang yet," he muttered to me over his shoulder. "This place doesn't come alive until round eleven o'clock. We'll have something to drink, a few dances, and then come back later."

We sat down at one of the small tables near the wall.

"What'll you have to drink?" Archie asked, as a waiter, pencil and pad in hand, hovered near.

"A fruit lemonade," I replied. A fruit lemonade stood for me for the height of luxury.

"A fruit lemonade?" Archie mimicked me. "Listen, where do you think you are? At a soda fountain?" Turning to the smiling waiter, he said, "Two gingerale highballs and be sure they are frappe—very frappe," and with an air of finality, he turned his lovely gaze upon me again.

"Say, babe, you're a mighty pretty girl, but you should get wise to yourself," he spoke with condescending pity. "You should get out with those pikers like Henry Jarvis and Eddie Marks. Gets you in worse."

The drinks arrived. I tasted mine. I didn't like it at all.

"It isn't champagne, you know," Archie noted. "Don't sip it; drink it down."

I gulped the concoction down, holding my breath so that I shouldn't smell the sickly odor, as I used to do when Mother gave me a dose of castor oil.

MY BLOOD raced through my veins. My heart responded and beat faster; a glow of well-being and confidence replaced the timidity which had forced my steps to falter and my voice to stutter when I had first entered this gorgeous rendezvous of the swart-stepping elite.

Archie's voice sounded friendly instead of patronizing now. I no longer objected to his criticisms. In fact, I was inclined to voice my own opinion in regard to his conduct.

"Talking about getting on to one's self," I observed to him with what I considered a neutral, worldly coolness. "What about you? A little bird told me that you were threatened with expulsion for gambling, and that several people had complained to the principal about the wild parties your frat has been giving."

"That's all apple sauce," he replied, his lip curling in disdain. He opened an elaborate silver cigarette case and selected a smoke. I knew he came to my old man and blabbed all about it. And do you know what the governor said?"

"No," I answered obligingly. I didn't care very much. My head was beginning to get dizzy.

"Well, the governor told him to go to hell," he boasted. "Told him that what I did outside of school hours was none of his affair. You see, Dad never went to college." More liquor had loosened Archie's tongue and he was becoming more

natural and honest in his confidences than usual. "He was a poor boy and it was only because he was a splendid athlete that he was permitted to join one of the best frats in the school. The fellows he met there helped him later on—fellows, like him self, who didn't make college, but entered politics or something like that."

"Dad's got lots of dough now of course, but Ma's never made the grade socially. I never would have gotten dummy with chaps like Arnold and Greeley and Smithson, if it hadn't been for our frat. Don't you think Dad appreciates that? And old Razorback can't expel me."

"Are the parties very wild?" I asked.

WELL, the one that got Razorback's goat was a pippin. I'll tell the world," he boasted, as he signalled the waiter and ordered "two more of the same." "We got a clubhouse for the affair. They wouldn't rent it to the frat—if they had, the old busybodies would never have been able to bring the complaint to Razorback—to let him use the name of the school."

"We invited a bunch of sorority girls and were having a wild time, when a crowd of alumni arrived and backed up a cartload of liquor on the grounds. They tried to take our girls away from us and a free-for-all started. Windows were busted and heads smashed. Some of the girls got their dresses torn. Wow! But that was one pip! We all got out before the police arrived, but they traced us through the school. But the damages we paid didn't begin to match the fun we had."

"And what did the girls' mothers say?" I asked breathlessly. I wondered what my mother would say if I arrived home from a party with my frock torn. A party frock was an object of precious care and reverence in our home—something to be "let-down" and carefully cleaned and pressed season after season.

THE girls' mothers! Ha! Ha!" chortled Archie in response to my question. "Gosh, they're used to it. Believe me, these sorority girls are one swift bunch! You've never been to one of their parties, of course," he looked at me sympathetically. "Let me tell you, you miss some jazz times, kid. Why, you know the girls meet at each other's houses. One of the rules is that the mater must give them the house on the evening they meet—no chaperones allowed. Mater must take herself off somewhere else. All she has to do is to provide the refreshments—at least the foundation of the refreshments. No unspiked punches at these affairs."

He was silent for a moment.

"Let's dance," I suggested. I was getting dizzy. I thought maybe it was the candlelight. But things were beginning to go 'round and 'round, and Archie looked as if he were fading out of the picture.

"I was just going to order another. Well, a'ri', come on. It's a bird of an orchestra. Must be getting late in the evening," he glanced at his watch. "Eight o'clock. Dinner crowd beginning to arrive. I'd like to ask you to dine with me, but I have a heavy date on for tonight."

"Won't you be late?" I asked solicitously.

"Mebbe. But she'll wait, allrighty. We've all night to eat in. Let's have one dance and then I'll take you home."

Boys never made "heavy dates" with me. I was just one of those "Cinderella" girls, picked up and dumped back at the will of some would-be young fairy godfather.

I thought I knew the reason only too

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well. I didn't have a home where the "mater" could be turned out and gay parties held; I didn't have the doggy clothes, the other girls wore; I didn't have a father and mother who were local society lights.

Oh, if only I could pick and choose my escorts as Mabel Anderson and Fih Aldridge did! To dance in the arms of such a man as Paul Akeley, for instance. I only knew Paul Akeley by sight. He was a young broker on Wall Street and he typed my beau ideal. I imagined myself as his partner—and Archie found nothing wrong with my dancing!

"Holy gee, but you're one peach of a dancer!" Archie exclaimed. "Wish you could dance all night. But I have to toddle along. Why don't you join one of the sororities? We would meet much oftener that way."

"Nobody's asked me, sir, she said," I answered saucily, though his words had sprinkled salt in my most sensitive pride wound.

"Well, gosh, why not, though? Your father's an editor or something, isn't he?" he asked. "Posish is all right—'tisn't 'sif your father had a delicatessen store like Mitzi Bauer's—and you live in an all right place. What's the trouble?"

ARCHIE was the first one to even suggest my possible invitation to join a sorority—outside of Mother. Grace Ashton belonged to one of these secret societies which are not supposed to exist in high schools, but which everybody knows does exist, and her desertion had left me very lonely. She had never for a moment dreamed of inviting me to join.

"There are several reasons," I explained to Archie. "First, we are not among the bloated rich of the community," and although I said it with a laugh, I felt a bit of humiliation in confessing to our poverty. "Second, I have no handsome brother to act as escort to my sisters in a sorority. Third, I can't give jazz parties. Fourth, my dad didn't belong to a frat."

"Too, too bad, little girl; but let's have another dance, and mebbe I can think of a way to get you in."

"Just one more highball before we leave," he insisted at the end of the dance. But I shook my head.

The fresh air didn't succeed in reviving me. Instead, it made me feel sleepier and sleepier. I hardly spoke a word all the way home.

"Good night," Archie said briefly at my door, and before I had scarcely time to step off the running board, the car was again in motion and he was off to his "heavy date."

THREE weeks later, I was approached by one of the girls and invited to join her sorority. Mother was delighted. It meant additional expense, but somehow or other Dad would manage to meet this. He always did.

I won't go into details about our sorority, of course. I can't do that. At first I felt very high-hat; I pitied the unfortunates who were not of the elect. But inside the fold, I found plenty of snubs, myself; humiliations; rivalries; bickerings. Kids, playing at being grown-up in earnest—in rather bitter earnest!

My education in handling the boys a snappy "line" was intensive. I became an expert at petting and necking. I learned to say silly little cynical things which I didn't quite understand. I plagued Mother for new clothes; I had to have them. I told her, or drop out.

When it came my turn to entertain the girls at our home, we could not of course afford to order the refreshments from a caterer. But Mother worked hours making dainty sandwiches—goodness



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knows, these were expensive enough. Then, on the day of the affair, in order that we have the house to ourselves, according to the society rules, she took my brother and sister and sat with them for hours in the Public Library.

I'm glad she did. I couldn't help to have a pang of pity as I saw her walking down the street, dragging Bob and Hazel with her. How tired and old she seemed to be!

My entertainment wasn't a success. The sweet lemonade and the dainty sandwiches were left almost untouched. When the crowd left, I poured the lemonade down the sink and buried the sandwiches in the garden. Of course these would have been greedily enjoyed by my own family, but I knew it would have broken Mother's heart to have seen them.

Paul Alexey continued to be my dream lover. I knew that he was an alumnus of our school and that he had belonged to one of the tracts, so at every dance and party, I scanned the guests eagerly for his face.

It wasn't until the late spring that I met him. Our society was giving a dance at one of the nearby roadhouses. I happened whose years ranged from fourteen to eighteen were there, but the combination of bobbed hair and sophisticated dance dresses levelled all ages. Just a jazyz crowd of kids with one aim in view—to show each other just how snappy and worldly-wise they were. Baby vamps and crude Don Juans.

How thrilled I was when Paul Alexey came up and asked me to dance. He had gone with Alice Arnold, our president, to the dance. And about midnight Alice "passed out." Somebody took her to the dressing room. A fluffy, debonaire, buoyant figure in grey chiffon and silver, she had been a few hours before she was half-carried up the stairs, her truck rumpled and limp, her hair tousled, her eyes glassy.

AFTER we had circled the floor a couple of times, Paul suggested we go outside and get a breath of air.

"This place is as hot as Hades," he said, "and these kids are nearly all about half-passed out. I never saw such a crazy mob. It wasn't like this in our day."

I wanted to come back with a snappy line, but I couldn't think of a word to say except a banal.

"Was that so long ago, Mr. Rip Van Winkle?"

"Four years ago, sweetheart," he laughed teasingly. "Then, we fellows contented ourselves with running things in the school organization, and debates were our only hot entertainments. I don't know what the new crowd is coming to."

The moon was shining brightly that early spring night, touching everything with an almost unearthly radiance. How often, I thought, I had looked on the same scene with unseeing eyes. Never before had I appreciated its magic beauty.

When Paul suggested that we take a spin in his car, I could hardly articulate my acceptance. My heart was beating wildly, my words trembled on my lips. Seeing my confusion, he smiled wisely. "Run in and get a wrap. Don't be long! We can't afford to lose any of this glorious moon."

In the dressing room I found Alice lying on a lounge, her pretty frock bunched around her, dead to the world. She was breathing heavily.

"She's coming 'round all right," Mabel Brownson, who was bathing the sick girl's forehead, said. "But she's much too sensibly to go home before dawn. You better call up her mother and say she is staying with you all night." I started to demur, but she brutally cut me short. "It's the least you can do," she snapped out between her teeth. "I would do it for her myself, or

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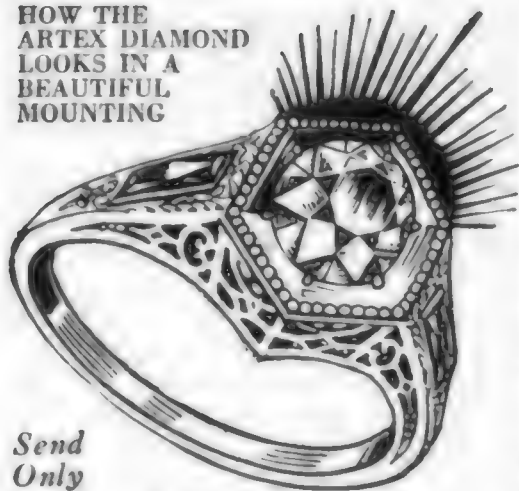
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any one of the other girls, but her mother
isn't likely to meet yours anywhere, and
she knows ours. Anyway, what do you
think the sorority is for, if it isn't to help
each other out?"

I telephoned the Arnold home and
learned that Mrs. Arnold was at a Country
Club dance. The servant promised to give
the message.

Messy, I called it. Girls had no business
getting themselves in that condition!

MY ANNOYANCE fled immediately,
however, as soon as I rejoined Paul
—my dream prince. Oh, how flattered I
was by his attentions.

I told him that Alice was pretty bad.
But he wasn't interested. She would snap
out of it all right, he said. She had plenty
of possible escorts to see that she got home
all right.

I failed to realize the callousness and
the rudeness of this. I was even thrilled
to think that the haughty Alice Arnold
had been deserted by this man of the
world for my sake.

A season spent with "the gang" had
made me rather satiated with "petting
parties." I had come to look on them
rather as necessary penalties paid for a
rather precarious footing on the social lad-
der of the younger set.

But I was immensely thrilled when-
ever Paul's hand touched mine.

We stopped on the outskirts of the city.

"Let us toast our meeting," Paul sug-
gested as he steered the car to the side
of the road and produced a large silver
flask. "We'll make a loving cup of the
cap."

He poured out a drink, and after each
scorching sip, we kissed.

"Do you know, you look just like a sil-
ver princess in that white frock? Take off
that heavy dark coat; it spoils the effect." Obediently I discarded my heavy day coat—no matter how much Mother tried, she hadn't been able to get me an evening wrap. "See how beautiful the moonlight plays around the white silk. Look up to the moon and thank it prettily."

Laughing, I looked up. Paul put his
arm around my neck, his hand tilted my
chin and he kissed me lightly on the lips.
"Are you a real human girl, or a fairy?" he asked banteringly. My arms crept around his shoulders. "I am a real human girl," I murmured. My dream-lover, the liquor, and the moon had been sufficient.

So absorbed were we in each other, that
we did not notice a figure stealing out of
the shadows, nor see it spring on the
running board.

"You're under arrest, you two. Get be-
hind that wheel young fellow and drive to
the police station!"

PAUL'S arms loosened. I looked up and
saw a police officer towering over us.

"Listen, officer, we weren't doing any-
thing wrong. Just a little petting party,
you know," he spoke lightly. I shivered.
Was that how he regarded it?

"Well, parking—and—petting—ain't al-
lowed on these here roads. Come along
now. You can tell it to the captain. Put
on your coat, young lady."

Paul whispered quickly. "It will be all
right. Don't give them your right name,
nor tell mine. Hell, what a mess!"

The magic of the night had gone. Cow-
ering in a corner of the car, I tried vainly
to realize just what had happened. The
liquor I had drunk prevented me from
thinking clearly.

When the car reached the station house,
the officer grabbed my arm and led me to a
flight of steps. "Leave me alone," I
snapped. "I'll go with you."

"You bet you'll go with me, an' don't
be tellin' me what to do. You're the one
to take orders—from me, little hussy."

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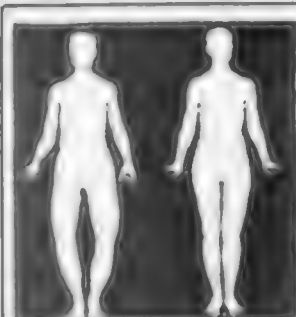
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"Doubtless conduct, outrageous public decency, drunk, or possibly an officer."

"What's your name?" somebody asked me, and I saw the captain take up a pen to write in the large book before me.

I looked at Paul. He was standing a few feet away, doubtless quiet; his eyes anxious; his lips compressed. He gazed straight ahead of him.

"Mary Smith," I muttered.

"Will not Jane Doe?" queried the captain. "Give us your real name. Do you know who this woman is?" the captain interrogated Paul.

Steadily and deliberately Paul answered: "No, I never saw her before tonight."

I hadn't expected that. He had told me not to reveal my real name, but there was something sinister—something that terrified me in the way he disclosed all knowledge of me. He intimated that I was a "pick-up," a hard girl who made casual acquaintances.

The captain started to write in the book, when a young man whom I had not noticed before went up and said something to him in a low voice; the officer listened intently, laid down his pen and opened his desk. As in a dream, I saw him take out a photograph and compare it with me. He nodded his head.

"Does look a bit alike," he said. "But you can't tell." Turning to me, he asked me sharply: "Isn't your real name Marie Davis?"

"No, no," I sobbed. "I'm not Marie anything."

The captain pressed a button and a stern-looking woman in a white apron and ginger-hair uniform entered.

WHAT followed is too humiliating to write about even now, six years later. In brief, the woman searched me for weapons or drugs. I learned later—and then I was shut into a cell.

In vain, I tried to decide whether I should tell my real name. Maybe Daddy could fix it up for me. But then, they would write my real name in that awful book with criminals—and other drunks and disorderlies.

My brain refused to function. Over and over again the charge "indecent, drunk, and disorderly" re-echoed in my consciousness. Black despair numbed all my senses.

When the matron came back in half an hour and told me to put my coat on again, that we were going to Police Headquarters, I obeyed her mechanically. There was such a nightmarish atmosphere about the whole thing, that I pinched myself trying to wake up and find myself in my own little room at home. This just simply couldn't be Barbara Simpson who was in a police cell and was going to be taken to Police Headquarters.

Putting parties up! how rotten they were when called by their right name! I had done nothing that thousands of other boys and girls weren't doing all the time—but I had been caught at it, and its real ugliness had been revealed to me for the first time.

An officer, the strange young man, and myself rode downtown, just the bright lights of Broadway into the darkness of the business district, off into the heart of the slums, where the great white building known as Police Headquarters stands.

Again the officer grasped my elbow and led me up a flight of steps. Through a revolving door we went, and then up another flight. All was deathly quiet. It was around two o'clock in the morning, and only one or two of the offices showed lights burning. A tomb, I thought to myself. If I could only sink down and die.

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seated at the desk on the office the three of us entered.

He looked at me closely. Then he shook his head with: "No, this isn't Marie."

"So sorry to have bothered you, Captain," the young man said to me. "I was just chatting with Captain Ryan, getting some dope for a Sunday story when the girl was brought in. She said she was Mary Smith, and I thought she looked like Marie Davis."

THAT was all right, all right," the captain replied hastily. "You did quite right, Barney. Sorry you missed me this time. This doesn't look like a bad little girl," he continued. And his kindly voice and words did what all the other horrors of my dreadful experience had failed to do—it caused me to burst into tears.

"I guess it was just a little petting party that O'Brien broke up," the young man explained. "You know there's been so many of them along the Turnpike recently that orders have gone out to make arrests wholesale."

"I know it seems pretty hard, little girl," the older man sympathized. "but it's for your own good. Many a petting party ends in the Morgue. Now dry your eyes. Tell me who you are, and I'll see if the captain won't let you go right home. We just want to know that you have a real home to go to," he finished.

Then, I told him the whole story, bit by bit.

"Just wait a minute here," he said, and went into another room where I heard a light murmur.

"Now everything will be jake," the young reporter said. "Nobody need ever know anything about this. It's only two o'clock. You can powder your nose. We'll go and have some ham and eggs and coffee and then I'll see you home."

As he had promised, the white-haired, kindly faced officer in the Missing Bureau "fixed it up" with the captain of the station where I had been held prisoner, and Barney saw me home.

IT WAS a long time before I "snapped out of it" and looked on the experience as merely "all in a lifetime."

I refused to return to high school after the summer vacation. I insisted on going to business school. It seemed strange to see all the girls going about their frivolous affairs, planning parties and scrapping over trifles, when I figured that a horrible experience similar to mine hung over each of their heads.

Barney called frequently. He and Dad became great friends. We hope to be married next spring.

Mother is disgusted with me. She thinks I am insane to marry a low-salaried newspaper man "after all the sacrifices she has made for me."

I have a good position as a private secretary with a law firm on Wall Street, and my salary helps to give Hazel many of the things I missed.

She is perfectly happy, and one of the gayest girls in school.

But I am afraid for her—so afraid for her.

I know what the sororities do. I was a part of their life during a whole season and if they ever phone that Hazel is staying with friends over night I shall feel that the end of the world is here.

It isn't necessary for her to be caught doing wrong as I was. Barney knows the details of my escapade with Paul Akeley and is big enough to forgive, but will Hazel be as lucky? Will many of the girls be as lucky?

Or will their married life be haunted by memories of things which they are seeking now?

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan. I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone; just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a 'head' on a magazine cover.

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town

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How Long Shall I Wait?

(Continued from page 60)

Wait or college might justify several years of waiting. But Bruce is in business. He may not be getting rich, but he is not starving to death either. Then, she says, the longer he keeps a girl waiting the weaker becomes her hold on him, and the greater becomes the chance of his changing his mind. Until someday there is no chance at all of his coming back to her. Aunt Martha declares this applies not only to his marrying a particular girl, but to his marrying at all. If a man is not married by the time he is thirty—or a woman either every year that passes after that means a smaller and smaller chance of his ever getting married. All of which makes me think, not only about Frank, but about myself. I am now twenty-seven.

When Bruce came home for a visit last summer, he was changed. Of course, he was the same Bruce underneath at all, but well, he did not kiss me right there at the station, as I thought he would. I was a bit shy, too, about kissing him, since he looked so different.

HE CAME in the afternoon, wearing a different suit of clothes, quite nifty. I mentioned his suit. He was pleased, and said that people had to dress in the city—business necessity.

Finally I asked him if he was earning pretty good money now. He saw me looking at his clothes, I guess. It seemed to me he looked like an actor or a salesman, or something, in those clothes.

"Oh, not so good, and not so bad," he said, but he looked out of the window instead of looking at me. "They have raised me to fifty."

Fifty dollars a week! I said. I never dreamed that he was earning that much.

"Oh, but that's nothing in the city," he said. "It costs so much to live there. You can't save anything."

"I suppose not," I said. "But, still, I bet I could on fifty dollars a week. That seems to me quite a lot of money." I was thinking that the two of us could live on that, but I didn't say so. Somehow, I had a sinking sensation.

"Oh, but I am going to make more, Connie. I hope soon to be making seventy-five."

"Oh, of course, I hope so," I said, "but it really doesn't matter so far as I am concerned." And I went over and looked out of the window. He understood me perfectly, because he promptly followed me over.

What's the matter with my little Connie," he said, and he took me by the shoulders. I stiffened up all over but he turned me around and had me in his arms, and I tried to fight him off.

Connie—my Connie!" he was saying. I heard a catch in his voice, and all at once he seemed to be just the same old Bruce that had left me so long before and that I had been waiting for. As soon as I felt that, I relaxed and cried on his shoulder, while he kissed me.

But I would never mention the subject of when we were to be married. I expected him to do that.

THERE was the experience of Agnes Newman last summer. It happened a few days after Bruce had been here and it gave me quite a shaking up—though as for poor Agnes, it nearly killed her. She was engaged to Clyde Stockbridge for a couple of years before Clyde went to the city, and that was two years ago. Agnes was patiently waiting for him, when all of a sudden last summer she received a letter from him and in the same mail an engagement announcement. I happened to be with

Agnes at the post office when she got the mail, the two envelopes.

She did not open them right there, but carried them home.

She opened the letter first and began to read. Then she reached for the other envelope, the announcement, and poked it over to me to see for myself, and her fingers trembled. She read it to the end, then she crushed the letter and the envelope in her hands.

"Well, I'm glad that's over," and she heaved a sigh.

"Oh, Agnes!" I cried.

"Oh, we're just through. I wrote him we were through," she said gaily, and tried to laugh, but she could not keep her lip from trembling. "Thank Heavens, I found him out, after four years. Huh, four years. And we're through, we're through, we're through."

Then she broke down, in hysterics. I have never seen any girl cry like that. She went down on her knees and cried in my lap, and I tried to comfort her. Later, I had her come over to our place, and we tried to make her comfortable. She felt better after her long cry, but Agnes has never been the same since.

However, here was Agnes, deserted for some city girl after a four years' engagement. I have already waited five. And now, another new factor enters the situation.

There is another man, and a very worthy man, who wishes to marry me. You see, this may be my only opportunity to marry a man of the right kind. I cannot go to the city and find a job where I might meet more men, because I cannot desert Aunt Martha. If I were married, she might come along with me. However, I may never meet another man whom I would want to marry. For you know how it is in these small towns: so many of the best young men go to the big cities.

DR. HOWARD has not exactly proposed to me, but he almost did—one of those hints that show what is coming.

He had walked home from a church supper with us, and Aunt Martha had hurried into the house. He stood a moment at our gate.

"Do you know, Miss Weston, the only thing I don't like about you is your name."

"Constance?" said I.

"No, not Constance. I love—Constance." Then he repeated it, "I love Constance."

"The name?" I said.

"But I don't like your last name. Constance Weston could be improved upon."

"For instance?" I asked, never dreaming what he was driving at.

"Well, for instance, Constance Howard sounds very well."

It was really quite sudden, and yet it might have been only silly talk, you know.

So you see, though I am not committed in any way to Doctor Howard, it still might lead to something. In some ways he may be the better man of the two. But when all is said and done, I love Bruce. I want him.

If I could only have some positive assurance that Bruce would not fail me. If he had only laid out a definite plan when he was here and set a date for our marriage, or asked me to set one, a positive date—even though it was two or three years away—I would wait for him.

I do not want to be unfair to him, but is he being fair to me? Shall I write to him and ask him to commit himself definitely, offer to let him withdraw? I simply cannot let the thing drift.

What shall I do?

Maybe We Were Both Wrong

[Continued from page 37]

raised his eyebrows. "Dance?" he asked. As I had refused the others, I couldn't have danced even if I had wanted to.

But before I quite knew what was happening he reached down and closed a hand on my arm and drew me forcibly to my feet, and into his arms. I should have been furious, but somehow I wasn't—I rather liked it.

During the dance he spoke just once. "You dance just as I knew you would," he said.

WHEN the dance was finished, he led me to a little seat in the corner, partly hidden from the room, and sat down beside me.

"I'll have to see a lot of you, Mary," he said. "You're the nicest thing I've laid my eyes on this spring. If I'd known I was going to see you, I'd not have made that fool business engagement this afternoon. However, I'll be here tomorrow—and for every day—until you come again." He offered his hand, and when I laid mine in it he raised it quickly to his lips, keeping his eyes on mine. I smiled up at him, and he leaned quickly and kissed me just at the base of my neck. It was like a red hot brand on my flesh, and I shrank back furious. I looked swiftly around, but no one had seen, and before I could speak he had gone. I went at once to Regina. "I must go home," I said.

"Why, darling, the party is just starting." She looked at me closely. "Cliff been getting fresh?" she asked.

I shook my head and bit my lip. She put her arm around me.

"Don't be a little fool, Mary," she said. "This is New York, and if you're a prude no one suffers but you. Everyone does the thing that amuses him here, and no one minds—so get next to the game and play it for all it's worth."

Just then a nice black-haired boy came up and demanded an introduction.

"This is Johnny Duncan," said Regina, and left us alone.

"They are playing stud and roulette in the other room," he said.

"Oh!" "Let's not go. It's much more fun to talk to you," he said.

"But—" I objected.

"But what, Mary?" he asked slowly. His eyes held mine in sort of a hypnotic spell it frightened me, most of all because I liked it. It gave me an exalting sense of power to know that I could move men so—other men besides Lem. Suddenly the thought of my husband broke the magic spell.

"I must go home right now!" I said breathlessly.

"You can't go now. I'm not sure that you can ever go again," he said, a little unsteadily, but he did not touch me. "Oh yes, I can go," I answered, and with all the dignity I could muster I walked toward the stairs.

He reached me in a flash and bent me back in arms that were strong as rope.

"Mary, Mary," he breathed, "how can you throw away a golden moment like this. You could care for me, Mary: I can read it in your eyes. What a sweetheart you'd be!"

PRIDE forbade my screaming, and he held me helpless, but I was really very angry now. All of a sudden my fury was communicated to my companion, and it amused him. He realized that I couldn't move, and so he punished me by bringing his head down to mine, letting me realize

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his purpose before he accomplished it. Slowly, ever so slowly he kissed me. It was a possessive kiss that somehow seemed to enrage me.

I pounded his chest with helpless hands, and finally with a laugh he let me go. I raced up the stairs, and at the top I turned.

"Least" I shot at him over the rail, when I was well out of reach. "That—I hate you!"

I put on my own clothes as quickly as I could. I did not even try to find Regina, but slipped through the deserted living room and out onto the street. I was glad to breathe the free air again, but no mind was full of conflicting thoughts about Regina and the parties that she gave. What sort of people were these men she knew?

Cliff Devereaux and Jimmy Thurman—two men in one afternoon! That party was too fast for me. I felt that I was lucky to have escaped with nothing worse having happened to me, and I made up my mind never to go back again.

But, alas, for good intentions! Lem was abstract and moody at dinner. I tried to be especially charming to make up for a guilty conscience, but it did no good at all.

"Let's go out somewhere," I said when we had finished eating. I was restless and nervous.

"I've work to do, Mary," Lem answered. "And I must do it, dear. It is for your sake that I want success, so try to be patient, honey. Someday we'll be just the place where we have to worry."

It was absurd, but I was injured. I was horribly jealous of Lem—not of other women, for there were none—but of every interest that took him even momentarily away from me. I didn't know what I really wanted, but I guess it was to absorb him to the exclusion of every other interest. I loved him in a crazy sort of way, and I wanted to be sure that he loved me in just that ridiculous manner.

THE afternoon was still vivid in my thoughts. Hadn't I proved that I could move men in a curious manner? I took all that had happened as a compliment and tribute to my personal attractiveness.

After a bit I left Lem and tried to read, but somehow I could not concentrate on the printed page. Finally I undressed, and went to bed—but not to sleep. I tossed and thought, and the more I thought the farther away sleep was. There was just one thing I wanted and that was the proof that Lem, as well as the others, couldn't resist me. I needed it tonight to straighten me out with myself.

I opened my dresser and looked over the neatly stacked piles of exquisite silk underwear. It was a weakness of mine to wear lovely underthings. I shook out a piece or two, and found what I was looking for—a little pink combination with a tiny net ruffle on the bottom.

There was a misty white scarf I wanted, too. When I found it I walked very quietly to the Victrola and turned it on, and began to dance. It had been years since I had improvised steps to music, and Lem had never seen me do it. He looked up now a little surprised, and then he pushed his chair back from the table and watched me.

I was oblivious of Lem, at least for the moment, but not for long. He crossed the room and caught me, and his hands—where they closed on my arms. On his face was a look I had never seen before—and back of it something very like hate.

"You little witch," he said. "Why is it you raise the dickens with a man?" It was as if a stranger spoke. He kissed my lips and throat, and I thought of Cliff Devereaux's kiss that afternoon. Passion I

had seen in Lem before, but it had always been tempered with tenderness. This thing was quite different—it scared me.

"Don't do it," I protested, pushing this strange Lem away.

"Don't what?" he asked roughly. "Don't what? You'll hurt the man yourself. It's the only language you understand—now take your medicine."

"Please, please," I begged.

He let me go as suddenly as he had caught me, and slumping down he pressed his face in his hands. I stood above him, not knowing what to say.

"Oh," he groaned, "what a rotten thing!" He raised his face and looked at me. "Mary," he said, "is this all love means to you?"

I WAS very angry. I had no intention of taking the blame, although I knew in my heart I was surely responsible.

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"You don't do," he answered. "You made that body of yours a whip to drive me. You have the instincts of a courtesan. I love you, Mary, but you are killing all that's good in that love. It is like a garden that has gone rank. Passion that is the result of love is one thing—but passion as an end in itself is another—and quite a different thing. I won't have a wife and feel toward her as I felt toward you a moment ago."

I felt the truth of what he said, and it cut me. My temper was at white heat.

"You are disgusting," I said. "I am the one who has been insulted, and you blame me. I'm sick of you."

He rose unsteadily. "You are right," he said. "I have talked to you and treated you as if you were a woman of the streets. That can't happen to my wife. I apologize, and I'll get out until I feel differently."

I was terribly scared, but pride wouldn't let me show it. He pulled his bag, and when he was ready to leave he came over to where I was curled up on the bed.

"I'll send you a check every week. For the next month I've a great deal of work to do, and I can't do it here. If you need me, you'll have my address." Stooping he brushed my cheek with his lips.

I thought for the first few days after he left that I would die with loneliness. I stayed away from Regina's, for I coupled my trouble with Lem with my visit to her apartment. I knew that all that Lem had said was true, that it was my overwhelming desire to make men lose their heads over me that had caused all the trouble. It had given me a sense of power that amounted to the same sort of stimulant that some people get from drugs.

I stuck it out for a week, and then I went again to the apartment on Riverside Drive. Regina greeted me a little coolly.

"Why did you run off so?" she asked. "Cliff has been here everyday looking for you, and he's pestered me to death for your address."

I went upstairs and put on the same costume she had loaned me before. I had worked myself around to the point where I believed that I was paying Lem back for his bad treatment of me. However, I determined to be very careful, and prove to myself that I knew where to draw the line.

CLIFF came in a few minutes after I did, and I was impressed again with his extraordinary good looks.

"What a glad surprise," he said, bending low over my hand. "I've been faithful, but you haven't." There was a look of understanding in his eyes, as if we had a secret pact, he and I.

The usual crowd came, only today Regina danced for them. She had done a lot of hard work since she had been in New York, and her dancing showed it.

She was lovely, and I could understand how these men were crazy about her.

"She's lovely," I said breathlessly, as she finished.

"Not so lovely as a certain fair-haired child I know," Cliff said, hitting one of my curls. "How I should love to see you dance. Would you let me design the costume?"

He bent over me, holding my eyes with his.

Somewhat I thought of that terrible night when I had danced for Lem, such a little while ago. The thought turned me lonely. If I could just have him back, after all, what did anything else matter? He was right about everything he had said. I kept him from his work, even when I knew he was doing it for me—because I wanted to possess him exclusively, completely. What a strange sort of love, that really wanted nothing save to ruin the thing it loved.

"Will you, sometime?" my companion insisted, bringing me abruptly back to my surroundings.

"Perhaps," I evaded, hating myself for doing it.

"Tonight," he pleaded. My eyes grew large with fear.

"Oh, no," I said rising.

Just then there was the usual exodus to the dining room, where the games were starting, and I made as if to follow. Cliff would not let me go.

"All right," he began pleasantly, "if you won't dance for me, at least let me take you where we can both watch some. How about the Follies—would you like to go?"

My face must have reflected my pleasure. I loved the theater, and I hadn't seen the newest Follies' production.

"But—" I hesitated.

"But nothing! I'll call for you at seven, and we'll have dinner."

So again I yielded to a desire for pleasure. I felt sure that I could handle Devoreaux, and it was wonderful to be admired in the obvious way that he admired me.

WE HAD a charming dinner, and the Follies were wonderful, and Cliff was really perfect. He did not make one move that I could resent. At the door of my apartment he looked at his watch.

"It's very early. I've been purposely good, so you would go again with me. Can't I come up for a nightcap?" he asked.

"For just five minutes," I granted, knowing very well that I shouldn't let him.

I made him as comfortable as I could, and gave him some of Lem's liquor. Pretty soon he began to look curiously around at the sweet simplicity of my home.

"I don't understand your being friends with Regina," he said presently. "You are so unlike—"

"Are we?" I asked.

"Yes—she's pure temptation. One recognizes it instantly, and is warned. But you! You're like some deadly sort of scent, that grows on a man until he can't live without it. You look like a saint, you know, Mary, with those Madonna eyes of yours. But one wants to destroy—"

I got to my feet.

"You'll have to go now," I said.

He shrugged and picked up his hat and stick.

"Why can't you be reasonable?" he asked. "You must know that you are playing with high explosive when you play with men. You are just not made to get away with it, Mary, because, you see, men lose their heads over you completely."

He was standing now directly in front of me, leaning towards me a little, and I was afraid of what I saw in his eyes. I tried to get away.

"I love you," he said unsteadily. Suddenly the whole thing made me want to cry.

"You are all wrong. I'm none of the

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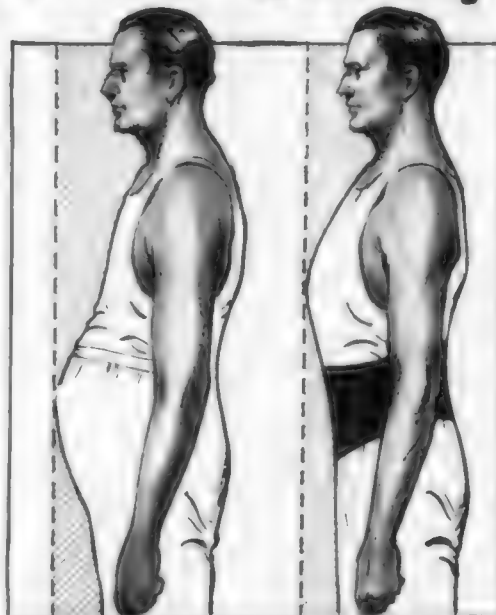
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things you think. Please let me go, and I'll tell you," I pleaded.

But he wouldn't let me go, and I began to cry. I did not care much what happened to me then; nothing seemed to matter at all.

THERE came a moment when Cliff stood looking beyond me stupidly. I felt his arms loosen and I tore away. In the doorway stood Lem watching us. He had let himself in with his key, and neither of us had heard him.

"Oh," I breathed in relief, flying to him. But he pushed me aside.

"Who are you?" he asked Cliff.

"Ask the lady," Cliff answered.

"Who is that man?" Lem thundered.

"Lem, let me explain," I begged. "I met him at Regina's. He took me to dinner and the follies tonight, and I just asked him to go." My explanation sounded weak even to my own ears.

Lem turned on Cliff with a snarl. "Get out of here, and if I ever catch you back here, I'll kill you," he said.

The door closed and I threw myself on the divan and wept hysterically. Lem paid no more attention to me than if I had not been there. He was busy about something in the bedroom.

Finally I crawled toward the door. I must speak to him. He was packing his trunk with all the things he had left when he went out with only his bag a week ago.

Something told me that this was the end. I came slowly up to him and touched his arm.

"Look at me, Lem," I said.

"I don't want to look at you," he answered.

"Yes, but you must," I insisted. "Look in my eyes."

He turned then and looked at me, and I have never seen such misery in a human face before.

"Well," he said, "I see the girl I thought I loved."

It was too much for me. I sank on the floor at his feet, and put my arms tight around his knees.

"Please, Lem, please believe me. All that you have said about me is true, but all I've ever wanted was you—and you only. I wanted to be first in your life, and

in order to be first I was willing to use any means no matter how degraded. But it was because I loved you, dear. I love you still, and only you. I haven't done anything wrong—only foolish. Don't you believe me, Lem?"

He reached down and lifted me to my feet, and then because I couldn't stand alone he carried me over to the bed and laid me on it, sitting on the edge beside me.

My face was wet with hot tears, and I wanted to die. I couldn't look at him. I couldn't plead anymore. He'd have to believe what I'd said.

There was a long pause; then Lem spoke.

MARY, I think we've both been wrong, but there is something behind it that I don't understand. I love you, dear. I've always loved you since the first time I looked into those lovely eyes of yours—

"That's it," I broke in, sitting up straight; "I was never sure. I thought you asked me to marry you because that old cat found you kissing me, and that you wanted to help me out of a jam."

Lem threw back his head and laughed a laugh in which the relief fairly bubbled.

"Why, darling, didn't you know I was mad about you for a month before that? I was afraid of you because you had such a funny little touch-me-not manner."

"You called on Regina as much as you did me," I protested.

"That was to talk about you," he said. "She knew I loved you."

"She never told me," I answered. "All this time, Lem, I've thought I had to be a vamp to hold you," and I sighed happily against his shoulder.

He kissed me and there was everything in that kiss that any girl could desire from the man she loves. There was tenderness, and passion, and the strength of a love reborn.

"I love you," he said softly, "just as you are. I love you. You're perfect."

That, taken all in all, is a pretty satisfactory statement, and whenever it seems to me that Lem's work is keeping him from paying me the attention that is so necessary to my happiness. I try to remember those two words—"You're perfect."

Good Enough to Marry

[Continued from page 45]

canal. I saw farmers plowing close beside the tow-path. I saw hills in the distance. We were far away from anywhere I knew.

Dirk turned me so I could see him.

"I guess," he said slowly, "you've about decided to stay with me."

I could not cry anymore. There were no more tears. But I spoke with a dry throat.

"Are you—are you going to marry me, Dirk?"

"Why should I?" he asked coldly. "Why should I marry you?"

"Dirk!" I cried desperately. "You've got to! You've got to!"

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Not much! I could keep you on this boat for ten years and nobody'd know it. And you sort of forget how far this kind of boat travels, sometimes. We'll wind up in New Orleans, likely." He looked at me sombrely. "The funny thing is that I loved you. I did want to marry you. Maybe, sometime—"

"Dirk! Please!" I clutched at him imploringly. "You've got to!"

"No," he said steadily. "I haven't got to. But if you act right, if you change around enough so I'll want to keep you and not feel like kicking you off at some

backwoods village—why, maybe I'll do it someday."

I sobbed dry sobs that hurt my throat.

"I'll—I'll do anything, Dirk, if you'll only marry me."

His eyes stared into mine. They terrified me.

"You'll do anything I tell you," he said evenly, "whether I marry you or not."

I got down on my knees to him before he did marry me—three months later. The preacher who married us, on the deck of the boat, is the only man I have spoken to since.

AND that was two years ago. Dirk lets me write to my parents. In my first letter he made me tell them just why he kidnapped me, and he mailed the letter himself. They got it. I think that after they recovered from their horror they were glad that I escaped so easily. Some girls don't.

I got off easily. Dirk did marry me.

But I think he'd kill me if he saw me speak to another man. And he may be right. I don't know. I think I love Dirk so much I'd be true to him anyway. But there was a time when a new man meant new thrills.

And I'm married now.

Now You'll Know

[Continued from page 73]

wide, appeared wild enough for anything. I began to be a little afraid. "Howard," I said, "let's go back now."

"No—no!" he exclaimed, frowning.

Just then a taxi drove by, the driver's eye fixed hopefully on us. "Taxi?"

"Taxi! Yes!" Howard raised a peremptory hand.

I drew back. "Oh, no!" I cried.

"Yes, yes!" Howard half lifted me in, then tumbled in himself. "The station!" he shouted to the driver.

Then, turning to me he said, "Listen, Theo, darling! You're going to marry me—tonight—in one hour, at Garrettsville. Do you hear? We're just in time for the twelve-forty train."

His voice was gentle, caressing. His face was close to mine. All the magnetic charm of the boy, and he had much, was in his dark, burning eyes and his persuasive voice.

"I love you!" His arm went round my waist gently, his eyes were pleading, eager.

Fear left me, and my pulses leaped. He leaned closer. He held me crushed against him until I lay limp, exhausted, in his arms. My will power was gone. I felt as if I would gladly follow him to the ends of the earth.

We drove up to the station just as the train thundered in.

I was certainly as one spellbound, for that hour's journey passed in a dream. Then came Garrettsville, another taxi, and lights, a hotel, a few staring men, an elevator, an open door, a closed door and the key turned. I was face to face with Howard Appleby in a hotel room.

Panic seized me. "But, Howard," I stammered, "we were going to be married."

"In the morning, sweetheart, yes—of course, but it's too late tonight." Then he caught me in his arms.

Ah, well, what was a poor, half-hypnotized, silly little girl to do?

THE next day we found ourselves in a strange hotel with nothing to wear except evening clothes. Howard was not at all disturbed.

"The first thing to do is to telephone the best department store in town and get some rags to wear," he said easily.

When the things came I selected a plain dress and hat. We would get shoes as soon as we had breakfasted.

It was past noon when we descended to the dining room. Howard yawned over his coffee. Vainly I fought against a growing feeling of profound depression. Howard seemed suddenly a stranger to me. The thought of Tabs kept coming to my mind, but I crowded it back. I could not bear to think of Tabs—a lump rose in my throat whenever I did.

Tab! Tabs never would have done what Howard Appleby had done—rushed a young, excited girl off her feet this way. I choked back my tears and tried bravely to be loyal to this man who was my husband—or who soon would be.

"Well," he said at last, and grinned lazily at me, "now what? Shall we go back today? And what shall we tell 'em?"

"Why, yes—we'd better go back." My voice shook. I waited for him to suggest our marriage.

But he made no such suggestion. I was utterly miserable, the more so because in some indefinable way his manner to me had undergone a change. For instance, he let me put on my coat without assistance. I recalled his eagerness to buckle my skate strap two days before. Only two days ago, only yesterday, I was a careless, happy girl. It seemed incredible. I felt so old now, and, so unhappy.

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Nine Out of Ten

—women and girls—men, also—are being poisoned from within, according to medical authorities.

Instantly you think of constipation. You are mistaken. This prevalent condition of women and girls today is called Auto-intoxication, which mean self-poisoning. It comes from an organ of the body "going wrong."

This organ is called the colon or large intestine. It is intended to rid the body of poisonous debris. But under conditions of modern living it seldom does this completely. Generally it retains some of the poisonous debris and lets it escape into the blood.

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This poison that escapes into the blood from the colon is extremely insidious. Some it makes grotesquely and pallidly fat; others it makes thin and haggard. With all, it takes the rich redness out of the blood so that the complexion becomes sallow. Impurities come to the surface in the skin, forming blemishes such as eczema and blackheads. The poorness of the blood starves the flesh so that hollows come in some places while in others flabby fat takes the place of firm flesh.

The sum total of Auto-intoxication is premature old age. It claims as its victims both girls budding into womanhood and women in the full blossom of maturity—suddenly they begin getting old. Neither powder, nor rouge, nor massage, nor diet, nor exercise will hide the signs of poisoning from within. Day and night, asleep or awake, this terrible, horrible enemy of beauty is at work marring, defacing Nature's glorious temple

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What Have I Done?

[Continued from page 41]

had all been straightened up, we found that there just wasn't any money, except enough to take care of Mrs. Bellows. He had lost a great deal in some bad investments, and very little was left.

Strangely enough, I didn't care. I had learned that money just can't buy happiness.

"We'll sell this house," I told Don, "and take a little apartment in town, somewhere near the hospital where you'll be working this winter. We'll get along beautifully, and the money won't make any difference."

Everybody said I was a brick, and all that sort of thing. But I knew that I wasn't at all. That's what I told Aunt Sue, when she came home from a western trip and stopped off to see me.

"I'm so glad to get away from the Club and the sight of Brad and Marian that I'd live anywhere," I told her.

"You're making a great mistake, Nina," she answered. "You must let go of the thought of Brad and accept what has happened to you."

"I can't. When I think of the years and years ahead of me—"

"Don't think of them. Pretend to yourself each day that the next morning everything is going to change. You can stand anything for a day."

"Yes, I suppose so," I answered.

"And here's another thing. Everyone is talking about how much Marian has done for Brad, but they always add that of course it's really been her father's money that has been back of everything. Now, you can do more, yourself, for your husband than she has done for hers."

"Donald has a brilliant career ahead of him; even now he's something of an authority on children's diseases. Why don't you just devote yourself to him? Make him what he ought to be. It will interest you and make you much happier than you are now, when you're not living for anything. I realize that you've kept him absolutely sober ever since your marriage. You can do this for him, too."

She knew how to reach me, through my pride. I began to make plans.

We sold the house at the Club, and I hunted and hunted till I found a little apartment in New York that we could easily afford. Donald wasn't making much money yet, you see; he was still studying, and was doing a great deal of experimental work, perfecting a cure that he thought he had discovered for a disease that attacks babies, and that had never been satisfactorily handled. He had an office with several very well known doctors who had worked with his father, but his practise was very small.

THE little apartment was dingy and unattractive; the living room windows opened on the street, but the bedroom and kitchen opened on an air shaft, and the noise and smells from all the other apartments came into ours. I didn't care; I took comfort of a kind in being miserable. But I was determined that things weren't going to last that way; we'd save all our money, and Donald could go abroad and study, and he'd be famous!

In my heart, though, I hadn't quite given Brad up. He was an ideal, almost—he meant love to me.

We simply disappeared from our old world. Of course, being in mourning as we were, we weren't expected to accept engagements. And I told everyone that Don was working very hard and couldn't be bothered by seeing people. Everybody said that it was wonderful to see young people so much in love with each other, and Babbles told me that somebody had

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commented on it at a dinner where Marian and Brad were, saying that it was refreshing to see such devotion as ours, when most young married couples seemed to want always to be with crowds of other people, as if they weren't enough for each other even during the first year of marriage. Babbles said Marian had blushed at that, for she and Brad went somewhere every night, or else had guests at home.

Babbles came to see me quite often. Once she looked around my little living room and sighed. "I don't see how you stand it here," she said. "When I think of how you've always had everything—it's just terrible."

"No, it isn't; I like all this," I told her. "I'm perfectly happy. Don's work is going awfully well, and in a little while he's going to be a famous surgeon. You wait and see."

SHE left a few moments later, and I went into the bedroom and cried for hours. I hated the way we lived. I'd been tricked and cheated. I had a dreadful time trying to cook; my hands were always burned and I was dead tired all the time. I didn't feel well; I'd always been accustomed to getting lots of outdoor exercise, and now I didn't get any. I was extravagant with my marketing, because I didn't know one kind of meat from another, or how to buy. And it seemed as if it took all day to clear our three rooms.

I'd tell myself that someday, before long, things would be different. It might be very soon that Don would perfect that treatment he was working on, and that would mean fame for him at once. It would mean more money, too. But I wondered if I could ever hang on till then.

Meanwhile, I tried to get rid of my love for Brad Thayer, but I just couldn't. Mornings when I'd finished the breakfast dishes, I'd sit down and read the society notes in the paper. Marian and Brad were often mentioned. At first they were always together. "Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Thayer were in Mrs. Henry Leland's box at the opera last night." "The Bradley Thayers are taking a party of friends to Quebec for the winter sports."

Later on, the notices changed. Marian was going to Palm Beach, and Brad would join her later. Marian was in New York, entertaining distinguished foreign guests, and Brad was at Pinehurst for the golf.

I'd sit there in my grubby little kitchen that smelled of yellow soap and ammonia and read those notices, and imagine scrawny little Marian in a frock cut clear to the waist, wearing all her diamonds, and wonder why things had been so hideously arranged. Why should she have such loads of money so that she could get what I wanted? Had money bought happiness for her, after all? It didn't look so, with Brad apparently wanting always to be where she wasn't.

DONALD and I never went anywhere. I was determined that he'd get ahead as fast as possible. So evenings he'd read medical books and magazines, and before we went to bed we'd take a long walk.

Don got awfully tired of just working and coming home and working some more. Then his married sister had a baby, and Donald went perfectly crazy over it. He had always adored children. He and I went to see Louise and the baby one Sunday afternoon, and from that time on Donald was simply gone. Every Sunday he wanted to go to his sister's.

I went twice, and then stopped. There were other people there, people I'd known in the old days. But in less than a year a gulf had spread between us. My clothes were old-fashioned and shabby. My working hard so that we could save money was a good thing to do, but it didn't make my

hands any less red and funny looking beside the other women's.

Finally, I didn't go to Louise's any more. But I urged Donald to go. He needed the change, and Louise's house was always gay and full of people.

One night when he came home he woke me up.

"Nina," he said, as he sat down on the side of the bed. "I've been thinking things over. We're getting along pretty well, I'm beginning to make a little more, and my work is going well, so that if I work out that treatment I've been slaving over I won't have to go abroad and study. Don't you think we might stop saving every cent, and have a baby?"

For a moment I couldn't answer. He went on, telling me how wonderful Louise's boy was, now that it was beginning to laugh—and how it came to him, and all that sort of thing. People said it looked like him, a strong family resemblance. And he wanted a son of his own.

I didn't know then why I couldn't bear the thought of having a baby. Afterward I realized that it was because in my heart I still clung to Brad. Though I'd never admitted it to myself, I'd thought that somehow, in some way that I didn't plan, everything would be straightened out for me. It was a dream that I couldn't give up.

But there were lots of other reasons for not having a child. One was money.

"We just can't afford it now, Donald," I said. "We'd have to have a servant at home, and we'd have to move into a better apartment, where the air was fresh, and we'd have all the expense of a nurse—we just can't do it."

"But couldn't we manage somehow?" he asked. "You'd love to have one, wouldn't you?"

Suddenly I seemed to lose my mind. I was awfully tired, of course, and nervous, and all that. I sat up in bed and just screamed.

"No, I don't want a baby, ever," I said. "Things are bad enough now. I've done the best I could, but I'm not happy with you, and never have been. I've been just as good a wife to you as if I'd loved you, but I can't go on any longer. I've worked till I'm sick, and I hate it."

It was like the things people say in delirium. I'd never have said it if I'd been well.

Don got up, his face white as paper. He didn't say anything, just walked out of the room. A moment later the front door slammed behind him.

FIVE minutes later I was dressed, and starting out to find him. I went downstairs to the street and looked both ways, but there was no sign of him. I didn't know where to go. I wanted to beg him to forgive me. But he just wasn't there.

He came home the next evening, and didn't refer to the night before till I spoke of it. Then he cut me off sharply.

"Don't say anything about that," he said. "I don't want to hear you."

"But, Donald, I want to ask you to forgive me. I was awfully tired, and I didn't mean what I said."

"That's all right," he answered, and wouldn't let me say anything more.

He began to stay out nights after that I didn't ask him where he went, but took it for granted that he was working in the laboratory. Then one day Babbles came to see me, to ask me if I wouldn't come to her wedding. She was going to marry Tom Atwood.

"I can't; I never go anywhere," I told her.

"Well, I think it's a shame. All I can say is that Donald Bellows ought to be ashamed of himself, letting you sit here at

[Continued on page 112]

How to win and hold love

"I love you!" When a girl hears those three little words whispered in her ear by the "only man in the world," her supreme moment has come. She has won his heart. All her dreams, her hopes, her longings, have ended happily. She stands on the threshold of womanhood with the love of a good man locked in her bosom. Happy, happy girl!

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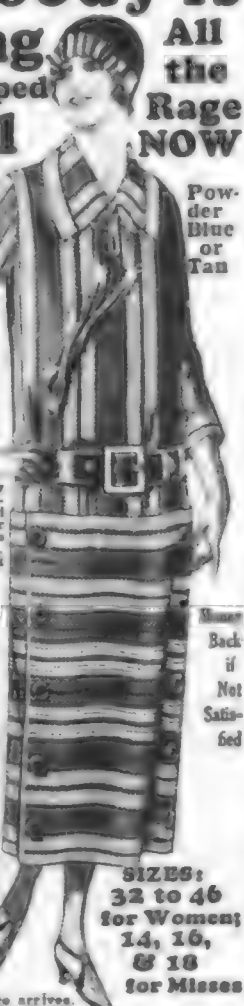
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me, while he runs around with all the old crowd.

"He likes to, and I don't," I answered. I wasn't going to let her know that I didn't know what she was talking about.

"That's for you to decide, but I think you're wrong," she insisted. "When you're with him he doesn't drink. How he can go on with his work is more than I can see. He'll go the way his grandfather did, if he isn't careful. I should think you'd either go with him or make him stay at home."

The bottom seemed to drop right out of the world for me. Don drinking again! I hadn't suspected it. He'd been coming in very late, sometimes not at all, but as he had sometimes stayed at the hospital all night in the old days I thought that was what he was doing now.

I was so angry that I got perfectly cold. I tricked and cheated again! I had honestly done the very best I could, and this was my reward. It wasn't my fault that I couldn't put Brad Thayer out of my heart. I'd tried hard enough.

I packed a few clothes—not that I had many—and called Aunt Sue on the long distance telephone. Her maid told me that she and Uncle had left that day for California.

From time to time I'd sold or pawned all my jewels except the sapphire bracelet Tom Atwood had given me for not taking his dare about swimming across the pool on my wedding night. I got that out, and went to the man who had bought my other things from me. He gave me enough for the bracelet to buy a ticket to California.

IT WAS a wrench to leave Don. I never would have supposed that it could be so hard. I missed him. I'd left a note for him, telling him why I was going away—I'd failed as his wife, and I realized that he didn't want me any more. If I couldn't keep him from drinking, I was just a burden to him, and he'd get along better without me.

The wheels of the train seemed to go right over my heart. Here I was, not yet eighteen, and my life was ruined. I wasn't even well and strong.

Aunt Sue had a beautiful home, built high on some rocks that overlooked the sea. She was so kind to me, not asking a lot of questions, but just making me perfectly comfortable and looking after me. When I'd been there two or three days, I was loads better; just getting into pretty clothes again and having a maid to brush my hair made me feel better.

One morning, as I lazed on her sunny terrace and looked through the morning paper, I saw something there that made my heart leap. Bradley Thayer was visiting in the neighborhood. And Marian was in Paris. The paper hinted that she was getting a divorce from him.

For a moment I was so happy that I couldn't think of anything but how wonderful it would be to see Brad again. I was swept off my feet. My dream might come true—he might be free; since I had left Don, I'd be free too. At last my life was going to turn out as it ought to!

Then I got panicky. I was almost afraid to see Brad once more. But happiness swept that away, too.

After that came thoughts of Donald. I was sure that I didn't love him. I told myself that I had never really loved him. There had been companionship, and I had wanted to make him a success, to give as much to him as I ought to because I was his wife.

AS I sat there on the terrace, a sight-seeing bus went by on the road that passed the house. I could see people lean-

ing out to look at the house. They stared at me as I leaned back in my big chair. Probably those people on the bus were talking about me, and probably they thought that, because I was there in that beautiful house, I was happy. If they'd only known what was in my mind—how I was torn between memories of Don and memories of Brad, and how I was wondering whether happiness lay ahead for me!

Aunt Sue came out to where I was sitting.

"The Keiths are giving a swimming tea dance this afternoon," she said. "Would you like to go? It will be much better for you if you begin to go about a bit, instead of just sitting here and thinking."

"I'll go if you think I look well enough," I told her. "As for myself, I think I'm a perfect wreck."

"No, you're lovely," she answered. "You're lovely now, where you used to be just pretty. Suffering has done a lot for your looks, my dear."

But I told Aunt Sue I hadn't anything to wear. Of course, Aunt Sue telephoned to the big hotel nearby, where some of the smart shops had little booths, and had some things sent up for me to try on. We finally selected a lovely little afternoon frock of orchid chiffon and one of the most becoming hats I'd ever had on. When I looked at myself in the mirror after I was dressed, and remembered how I'd looked when I was maid-of-all-work back in New York, I couldn't believe that I was the same person. It was like a bad dream from which I'd just waked.

The Keiths had a very beautiful home, with a huge swimming pool; the bottom of the pool had been painted blue, so that the water was a wonderful color. And there were flowers everywhere, and a Hawaiian orchestra was playing. Everything was perfect, like a wonderful stage setting. And I felt like the heroine of a play, as I walked down the marble steps that led to the sunken garden, where Mrs. Keith was receiving her guests.

I spoke to her, and to her son, who promptly escorted me to a marble bench nearby and went to get me some tea. I looked about me for Brad; surely he would be there.

HE WAS. He stood not far away, at the edge of the pool, with a lot of other people who had already changed into their bathing suits, and were just going in. My heart seemed to leap into my throat and just pound there. All the strength went out of me: I couldn't have moved if a fire had raged all around me.

As if some message had gone from me to him, he turned and looked at me; then, excusing himself to the girl he'd been talking with, he came running across the grass to me.

"Nina—how do you happen to be here?" he cried, taking my hands in his. "I'm so glad to see you—this is wonderful!"

I could only look at him.

"Will you be here long? Where are you staying? Oh, my dear, I've missed you so."

His voice thrilled me through and through. I had forgotten how wonderful he was. My heart went out to him.

Aunt Sue came up to us just then. She was very nice to Brad, but I could see that she did not approve of his making me so conspicuous.

"Nina, don't you want to go in swimming?" she asked. "I had a suit brought over for you, if you do."

"Yes, do come, Nina," Brad urged. So I went with Mrs. Keith's daughter to the lovely little dressing rooms that adjoined the pool, and changed into the stunning one-piece suit Aunt Sue had got for me. It was pale green, my favorite color, and

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when I went back to the pool Brad told me that I looked like a mermaid.

"No, she's like the Lorelei, with that yellow hair," young Billy Keith cut in. "Come on, Mrs. Bellows: I'll race you to the other end of the pool."

I jumped in quickly enough, but I hadn't realized how limp and weak I was; I couldn't swim fast at all, and finally I just stopped and tread water till Brad came along and told me to swim to the edge of the pool with my hand on his shoulder.

"You've turned so pale," he said. "Don't you feel well?"

"It's this climate: it always makes me feel limp till I get used to it," I answered. "I won't try to swim any more just now."

SO WE sat there with our feet dangling in the lovely blue water and just talked and talked. It wasn't so frightfully long since we'd seen each other, less than a year, but it seemed eternities to me.

"Where's Marian?" I asked him: I'd read that she was in Paris, of course, but I wanted him to tell me, because I thought perhaps he'd tell me whether that rumor about her getting a divorce was true or not. And he did.

"She's gone abroad, and she—well, we don't get along so awfully well any more," he said. "We aren't very congenial. Oh, it was a mistake, our marriage, I guess. Anyway, Marian is thinking of getting a divorce while she's in Paris."

I said nothing, and after a few moments he asked, "What about you and Donald?"

I had the queerest feeling, suddenly—I didn't want to admit that Don and I hadn't made a go of things. I couldn't account for it. It was just as if Don had stood there reproaching me. So I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Oh, Don's awfully busy with a new treatment he's working on, and I came out here for a little vacation."

He smiled and lifted his eyebrows, but he didn't ask me further questions. I realized that he thought there was more to it than that, and I knew that he hoped I'd left Don. But there wasn't any need of talking more about it. He went on to tell me about some of his plans; he had bought some land near a new oil field, and was hoping to make loads of money if there was oil on it.

He had changed, somehow: he was a little stouter than he used to be, and his manner was different: he was more like a successful business man. He had made good, and he showed it. But just being there beside him thrilled me as it always had. When we swam back down the pool to the end where the dressing rooms were, and he lifted me out, there didn't seem to be anything in the world but the love that I knew he still had for me. When I looked up at him I saw it in his eyes. I hurried off to the dressing rooms, my heart just singing. Brad loved me still, and perhaps at last we were going to be together!

He was waiting for me when we came out. During the rest of the afternoon he was constantly at my side. The girl to whom he'd been talking when I arrived just glowered at me. He asked me to drive with him the next morning, to have tea with him at the club in the afternoon.

"Don't you think you'd better not make too many engagements with Bradley Thayer, dear?" Aunt Sue said to me that evening. She and Uncle Dan were playing bridge with the Keiths, and when she was dummy she came out to the terrace, where I sat looking out over the sea.

"People will talk if he monopolizes you," she went on. "I don't care if they do," I answered. "I love Brad, and I've been cheated out of his love for me. Now I'm going to make the most of it."

[To be concluded]

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Nan of the Big Bend Country

(Continued from page 27)

...full of birds. But,—no one told me I would run across a beautiful wood nymph like you."

My cheeks began to burn more than ever. I dropped my glance to the ground, fascinated by his smile, and my heart felt as if it would burst, because he had called me beautiful. The next thing I knew the stranger took my hands in his. I felt suddenly weak all over, as if his touch was sapping away all of the strength the Big Bend had brought to my slim young body. Even if I had wanted to pull away I wouldn't have been able to do so.

"Dash! oh! Well, at least tell me your name. Mine's Bob Bradd."

"I'm Nan Parker from the Big Bend." I said simply, my eyes still glued on the stranger.

"Nan Parker from the Big Bend? Oh! So, you're from the wild place they warned me about aboard the *Hildegarde*. Well, now, if you're a fair advertisement of the Big Bend, it can't be such a bad place," he smiled.

"It's a terrible place," I blurted. "I hate it—hate it like poison! You'd hate it too if you knew all I do."

"Tell me about it, Nan, won't you? The steamer captain said strangers weren't allowed in the Big Bend, and that they used a shot-gun in all arguments. But I laughed at him. I didn't believe there was such a place left in Florida or any other place. You see I come from the North—Boston. We don't go in for shot-gun law up there. I told him this was a free country, and I intended to do some hunting through here. Tell me about your Big Bend, and why you hate it, won't you?" he begged, taking off his coat and making a cushion of it for me on the ground.

Why I did it I don't know, but there in the depth of the woods I told the stranger all that had long been sealed in my heart. I told him of the days and nights that dragged by in terrible silence; of the dreams that came to me when the *Hildegarde's* whistle broke this silence every week. I didn't mention a word about Seth Spurlock, although he had said that the moon'd turn black in Big Bend skies if I ever left him. I did not want the stranger to know all that had long been sealed up in me.

"Down the river where you come from it's like a fairyland, isn't it? There's music, and dancing! Fine clothes to wear! Candy! Oh! I can just remember when I was a little girl and lived far away in a white house how I loved candy. I haven't as much as tasted it in ten years. But, I can remember how I liked candy! And, there are lights down there that glow bright and white like the stars, aren't there?" I asked, gripping his hands impulsively.

IT SEEMS funny now as I look back, but what Bob Bradd told me of the world beyond the Big Bend made my pulses race like mad. It was a fairyland, as I had dreamed. Girls didn't wear stiff and ugly old gingham and cotton dresses. They went around singing and dancing in soft silks.

I looked down at my bare legs and my old shoes. The tears would not stay back. Suddenly I jumped up, ashamed to be seen by the handsome stranger. He was used to girls in silk—not to a Big Bend girl like me. I wouldn't stay around him any longer. I couldn't bear to hear any more. He would be going soon anyway, back to everything I wanted but could not have!

Bob Bradd was the answer to my dreams of romance and the far-away. He was the world I yearned for: the fairyland that

I was always picturing to myself. He was the unexplored! Adventure!

Seth was only a big strong boy of the Big Bend. Only somebody I'd grown up with in the silences of our pines; somebody who was willing to stay in the wilds and never go down the river; somebody who loved me, but, who didn't share my dreams: who couldn't make them come true. The memory of the morning on the bluff faded as I looked into the lure of the stranger's eyes. The things Seth had said no longer came back to me.

"You're not going to leave me, Nan," declared the newcomer springing to his feet as I edged off.

I might have been able to flee if he had not swept me into his arms, and pressed kisses against my lips that made me close my eyes, and draw my breath in as if it were a flame. His time his touch did not steal away my strength. Instead it made my whole body taut with a force that was sweeping me off my feet.

When he freed me I was dizzy, and he had to help me to the seat he had made of his coat on the ground. For a long time I sat there in the woods, throbbing with the feelings he had aroused in my breast. At last we got up and walked toward the river. Time passed all too quickly. In his company . . . in his arms . . . I felt no need for noonday food. The sun began falling down towards the West, and still we remained together.

THE sunset came but I did not remember that I had promised to meet Seth at the cabin . . . Nothing mattered but the fact that I was with Bob Bradd, my heart breaking at the thought that we must soon say good-bye.

The river ran past us, all gold and blue like the Big Bend skies. We got up and walked down to the bluff, standing close as we watched the shadows beginning to deepen in the woods. Those shadows were like a warning. They made me realize that night was coming; night that would end the lovely promise of a dream. I shivered, standing there in the warm spring air.

"You're trembling, Nan. What for?" asked the stranger.

"I'm thinking," I answered slowly. The last birdsongs of the day were lingering like sad music in my ears. I knew then that I would never forget those birdsongs. They would be deathless in the memory of my last moments with Bob.

"Of what?" he insisted.

"I'm thinking how hard it's going to be for me to stay up here now that—that I've met you and you've told me all about what's down the river where you're going tonight on the steamboat," I confessed, hoping it would ease some of the pain working through my heart.

His arms went around my waist. It seemed like his finger tips were points of fire burning right through my thin dress. The peace and hush of the gloaming suddenly began to throb with life again. I thought it was dawn instead of sundown. A mighty force felt as if it were about to sweep me over the bluff in Bob's arms as he asked if I wanted to go with him.

"You say you want to get away. Why not go with me tonight, Nan? I'll make your dreams come true. I'll give you silk dresses and music, Nan." His words made me hold my breath.

"You mean—you'll take me with you on the steamboat?" I gasped, trying to control my fit of trembling.

"Tonight I'll take you where you want to go, Nan. I'll take you from the Big Bend."

A feeling of fear overshadowed me in my moment of happiness. How could I get away? How could I escape the Big Bend? Bob must have read my thoughts for he suggested that I go home now and have supper as usual.

"Later, when it's dark, go to the woods and change into some of your father's clothes. It wouldn't do to get on the boat as a girl. The captain might suspect something. Disguised as a boy, no one will pay much attention to you. When the steamer arrives downriver in the morning I'll take you to a store and buy some dresses. We'll take a train then to Jacksonville, where you'll find everything you've dreamed about," he went on eagerly.

The picture his words painted was more temptation than I could stand. But, of course it didn't seem like temptation then. It didn't seem like something that was the beginning of sin.

I would go with him. I would leave the Big Bend, Dad, and Seth behind! All my life I'd waited for such a thing to happen. I couldn't hang back now. This was my decision.

"But, Seth, Seth," cried out an invisible voice. "You'll break his heart. He loves you more than life itself. How can you leave him?"

HOWEVER, with the stranger waiting there in the twilight for an answer, I turned deaf ears to the pleas in Seth's favor. He had refused to take me. I did not now want to remember what he had told me that very morning.

"I'll go with you," I whispered.

"Then, meet me here about nine. The steamer shoves off at eleven." Taking me in his arms he almost kissed away my breath. But, even now, knowing we were not to part, I could hardly bear to tear myself away from him. For long, long moments we swayed in each others' arms.

"I love you. I love you," I cried time and time again. I would have given my soul to have heard him whisper those words back. But, Bob only held me closer, his breath falling warm and quick upon my uplifted face.

When I reached our cabin in the clearing the grey of twilight had deepened into dark. Stars were already shining in the sky. Dad was scared looking when I entered the room of yellow candle-light.

"My God, Nan, I'd begun to think you had run away sure enough. It's way past supper time. Seth was here long ago. He waited a while, but said he had to go to fix the victuals. Where have you been?" he demanded.

I told him my first real lie, saying I'd fallen asleep in the woods.

We sat down and ate our simple meal in silence. I was afraid to speak, for fear my voice would give away the excitement I felt. As soon as we cleared away the dishes and I had put things to right I went to Dad's room and smuggled out a blue shirt and a pair of overalls. Dropping them out of the window to the ground outside I went on the porch, making out that I was going over to see Seth and his mother.

Half-way across the clearing I stopped in my tracks, trembling at the big shadow of Trigger Finger Simmons looming up at me out of the night. With my heart in my mouth I started on again, afraid to turn back. Dad might get suspicious.

Trigger stopped me, asking where I was going. I told him Seth's mother wasn't feeling well, and I was going over to her.

"Humph! Guess as how you're goin' to see Seth, not his ma. I jest left the cabin and the ol' woman wasn't ailin'. Look there, gal; don't set too much by your thoughts for that young upstart. I'm comin' round courtin' a little later. Mind

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you to take me," he warned, very roughly. "I thought God then and there that I was on my way out of the Big Bend for I hated Trigger Simmons like a snake. The big ugly ruffian with his claw-like hands! A crowd that he might turn and follow me at any moment. I kept on walking just as if I were bound for Seth's. But, just before reaching the Sparhawk cabin I turned sharp and darted into the shadows of the pines, hoping that Trigger had not seen me.

Running along to a place where it would be safe to change from my dress to Dad's overalls. I kept pushing thoughts of Seth out of my heart. They tried to come in. They tried to speak to me, to make me remember everything. I did let myself think of his kisses and his arms. However, when I remembered the thrill of Bob Bradd's lips, Seth in his blue overalls faded from my memories.

SOON I was deep enough in the moonlight woods to stop and change. Hidden by the thick foliage I stopped to listen for any sounds of possible pursuit. For a minute I thought I heard a thrashing sound, but it must have been my nerves and imagination because everything quickly grew very still.

My hands were shaking like leaves in a strong wind as I took off my outer clothes. I could hardly realize I was going away from the Big Bend with a handsome stranger. It all seemed like a dream except for the crisp night air that chilled my bare arms and shoulders as I stood there in my skimpy little cotton underwear. Shivering slightly, I stepped out of the calico dress that I would wear no more. Just as I reached for Dad's shirt the terrible suspicion that eyes were watching me from the dark bushes swept over me, numbing my arms and legs with fear.

For what seemed an eternity I stood like a frozen woman, revealed by the moonlight. Then, at the sound of crashing bushes I screamed. My hands flew to my breast to shield myself with Dad's blue shirt, instinctively certain Trigger Finger Simmons was coming. He was the only man in the Big Bend who nearly made the ground tremble when he walked.

I felt just like a wildcat must when she senses danger. My eyes switched from one side to the other looking for a way to escape. But, it was too late. Trigger Simmons was already coming upon me, a terrible gun-toting giant in the night.

"Gawd A'mighty, gal, but you're the likeliest lookin' wench I ever set my two eyes on," he said, dropping his shotgun to the ground, and striding closer.

I stood there rooted to the ground in an agony of fright. Suddenly the bully towered over me, his dark eyes on fire with signs that sent my heart down into my shoes. The next minute he took hold of me.

"When I saw you sneakin' through the clearin' a leetle while ago, I figgered you was up to something—especially after hearin' you tell your Dad this mornin' how you was goin' to leave the Big Bend."

The pressure of his hands stole away my strength, breaking my dreams of going away with Bob Bradd into bits at the same time. Shaking with terror at his nearness, I would have crumpled to the dew-wet ground if he hadn't jerked me roughly back to my feet. Slowly my strength flooded back. My years in the wilds were coming to my rescue. Whatever savagery the Big Bend had put into my blood aroused itself.

"Let me go, Trigger Finger."

I began pushing against his wide deep chest. But I might as well have tried to topple over a giant pine. He stood there sneering as if his feet were rooted to the ground.

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"Mebbe you think you're too good for me, Nan," his voice was digging into my very bones, "but you better change your mind mighty damn quick. I'm boss of the Big Bend. There's n'thin' that can get away from me; sheriffs, strangers, wildcats, wenches—they're all alike to me," he thundered, pulling me to him, and tearing away the shirt from my breast.

His coarse, bearded lips were leering right above mine. I squirmed my head back in spite of the pain of his fingers digging into my shoulders. I tried to cry out for Dad . . . for Bob Bradd . . . for Seth . . . for God to come and help me. But, fear had run away with my breath and voice. Only a moany sort of sound burst through my lips as his brushed against them—only to be pulled away by big hands that had suddenly seemed to reach out of the very night.

HIS hands left my shoulders, and I staggered back to see Seth Spurlock and the bad man of the Big Bend tearing at each other like two snarling animals.

I shut my eyes at first. I didn't want to see them fighting there in the half-light. Murder was flashing in their eyes! But anxiety conquered my fears and I opened my eyes to find them locked in each other's arms as they swayed back and forth. Trigger was cursing as he fought. But Seth, his boyish face white in the moonlight, as he matched his growing strength with that of the bully, didn't curse back. He was trying to break Trigger's hold around his neck.

"Oh, Seth, be careful!" I cried.

The sound of my own voice frightened me as much as the vision of battle. For a moment Seth answered my plea with a look of agony on his tortured face. Trigger was slowly choking him. Once more the wildness of the Big Bend gave me strength and courage. I flung myself at Simmons, clawing and scratching at his ugly face, pulling with all my weight against his steel arms. He didn't dare let loose of Seth's throat to shove me off. But he flung an awful curse at me, and I knew that if he licked Seth Spurlock that I could expect no mercy.

"Grab his feet—feet," Seth choked, agony in his voice.

I dived for Trigger's scuffling feet, heaving him up enough to upset his balance. With a snort of rage he toppled almost on top of me. Seth flew at his throat like a wildcat. They thrashed about on the damp ground, both trying to hold off the other's fingers. I couldn't help Seth anymore because they were rolling and tumbling about too much. But, I stood over them waiting my chance, desperate with the decision to stamp my feet into Trigger's face.

They were both panting for breath now. Trigger had quit cursing. But he was blowing hardest. Seth's fine young strength was telling on him . . . All of a sudden Trigger's knees flattened down to the ground. In an instant Seth was up higher at the bully's throat, working his big fingers as if they were vices.

A cry of relief and happiness burst from my lips. Seth was choking Trigger . . . choking him and shaking him like a big dog shakes something he's killed. Trigger Simmons was facing death! I sensed it.

"Don't kill him, Seth. You don't want murder on your hands. He won't bother us anymore now," I begged, shuddering at the thought of blood being on Seth's innocent soul.

"I ought to kill him. The—" snarled Seth.

But, at the touch of my hand, he stumbled to his feet, swaying drunkenly from one foot to another. Blood was streaming from his cheek where Trigger had gouged him.

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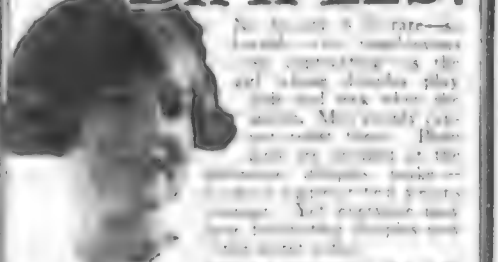
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my heart that early morning at sight of Seth walking away to the woods swept over me as he reeled dizzily before me. "Oh Seth, you saved me from him," I said, shuddering, as I looked at the motionless man on the ground.

"I'm glad I got here in time, gal. I thought I heard you cry out once. Ma said it was imagination, but I had a feeling of danger for you somehow—Good God, Nan, you ain't hardly got on any clothes! He didn't—harm you—did he?" making a move towards the unconscious Big Bend bully.

"No. He was trying to kiss me when you came—"

"I see," turning to look the other way. "Then you just go ahead and get into them clothes. Nan, I guess I understand—I sort of felt it when you didn't come to the cabin long sundown time. I—figgered you'd decided to run away from the Big Bend. Nan. Like I told you this morning on the bluff. I've been scared this day was coming when I'd lose you."

SETH had sensed that I was going to run away! Yet, he had come to save me from Trigger Finger! This knowledge tugged at my heart-strings as I hurried into the overalls and shirt.

You're free to go now, Nan. That kunk on the ground won't stop you. The moon's climbing. Must be long about nine. You better hurry if you're going to catch the Hildegarde."

"You're not going to stop me, Seth?" I asked through my tears. Had he been able to see into the future I'm sure Seth would have bound me hand and foot to keep me.

"Stop you, gal?" he repeated, coming over to where I stood in my father's back woods clothes. "How can I stop you?"

"I don't know, Seth, unless like Trigger tried to stop me." Then and there I tried to realize that I mustn't break this boy's heart.

"Remember what I told you this morning, Nan?"

I remembered, with a sharp pain gnawing into my heart. "You said the Big Bend wouldn't be the same without me. That the river'd keep you wake nights, whispering about me."

"I said I loved you, Nan. That's why I can let you go now. When a man loves a woman like I love you, he—he don't count himself much. It's her happiness that counts, Nan. I want you to find the happiness I can't seem to give you up here in the Big Bend. Your dreams and happiness are waiting down the river for you. You can go, gal," he said.

But, now that the road was open and free to go to the faraway world of my dreams; now that Seth Spurlock's love had proved bigger than me and my dreams; now that he had fought for me and won, I found myself torn between two flaming desires: one to stay behind and give Seth the happiness he was willing that I should and downriver; the other to fly to Bob Bradd who waited to take me to the fairyland beyond the Big Bend.

Even as I stretched my arms out to Seth Spurlock I did not know whether it would be to say good-by, or to beg him to hold me close with his great strength that had left Trigger Simmons lying still and limp on the ground. I did not know whether this moment was to be the end, or the beginning of my dreams that were swirling through my breast, hopelessly tangled with my heartbreaking wish to stay with Seth.

AS MY hands groped for Seth's, and I saw him swaying weak and dizzy from his savage fight with Trigger Finger Simmons on my account, I suddenly realized that my dreams of going down the



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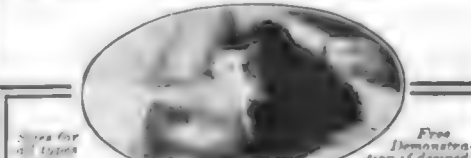
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river to romance and silk with Bob Bradd could never come true.

I lifted my face up to him, my eyes no longer afraid to look into the anguished depths of his own. The words that would make him happy again, and take the hurt out of his young voice came to my tongue.

"Seth I—I'm going to—"

The word "stay" hung to the roof of my mouth as the sound of a steamboat's whistle woke the sleeping echoes of the Big Bend country. I jumped just as if I had been shot. Seth too stepped back, almost jerking his hands away. Again the whistle blew, casting a spell over me too strong to break. All of my high resolve to remain in the Big Bend with Seth crashed down into bits at the yearning it stirred in my breast—yearning for the faraway. All effort to shut out the vision of a handsome, dark-eyed man in hunter's clothes suddenly became vain and useless. Bob Bradd was calling me back to his thrilling kisses and his arms in every throb of the *Hildegard's* whistle.

"You ain't got much time, Nan. You've got to hurry."

His voice was like a knife going through me. No longer could I hope to make his voice happy and eager as it had been a short time ago with its story of love for me. I had to go.

Something stronger than Seth was calling me—something stronger than my own self!

Once more I held out my hands to him. This time I knew what I was going to do. I was going to tell Seth good-by. But he pretended not to see my outstretched hands.

"We'll take the river road."

A chill ran up and down my back at his words. I thought of Bob Bradd waiting down the trail for me. No! Seth Spurlock could not go with me. He must not see the stranger. At heart Seth was a Big Bend man when it came to hating strangers. Like Simmons and the rest he didn't trust any of them. He figured they were all sheriffs in disguise. Bob's life would be in danger if Seth insisted on going. I knew I had to try and send him home:

"I'll be safe going to the boat. Trigger can't bother me. He's laid out. You go on home, Seth. I don't want to make you walk way down there and back."

But he shook his head quickly, saying I wasn't making him do anything he didn't want to do. Seth told me he'd never let me go to Wild Cat Landing alone. I realized from his tones that I couldn't change him. The boat was still blowing and by the moon I knew it was getting along about nine o'clock. The stranger was waiting to take me away! I must go and take a chance that Bob would see us and hide.

"Come on then, Seth."

TOGETHER we started off down the river trail. Every step I took was torture for my heart and mind. God alone knew what would happen when Seth saw Bob!

When we turned a bend in the trail my heart turned to lead at the sight of Bob Bradd standing on the bluff in the moonlight. He could not see us, because he was looking at the river. Feeling Seth jerk his gun to his shoulder, I clutched at him to pull the shotgun out of his hands if he dared to shoot.

Click!

He was cocking both barrels.

"Seth, put your gun down. Don't shoot the man. He won't harm us—"

"He's got a gun. He's a stranger, by his clothes." I tried to scream out to warn and save the stranger of my love dreams. But, the words froze down in my throat as Seth flung me away and aimed . . .

[To be continued]

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